The Nation.

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The Week.

The results of the elections in this part of the country fulfilled all expectations. Tammany swept New York city. The alliance between Hearst and the Republicans under the leadership of Herbert Parsons, was prompted neither by conscience nor conviction—simply by appetite for office. This unprincipled union disgusted many natural opponents of Tammany. They felt no interest in putting into the principal office, that of sheriff, Max Ihmsen, a creature of Hearst's. Consequently, the campaign was listless, and Tammany met with little or no effectual resistance. In Massachusetts the split in the Democratic party assured the victory of Guild. In New Jersey, the Republican nominee, John Franklin Fort, is apparently chosen Governor, though at this writing the figures are very close. At any rate, there has been a heavy cut in the Republican vote, for Stokes was elected Governor two years ago by a majority of over 50,000. To this loss of Republican strength many causes contributed. For one thing, the Republicans, by their attitude on the excise question, had offended many citizens, especially the Germans. Then, too, Judge Fort, the Republican nominee, was looked upon as the candidate of the old Republican machine, backed by the corporations—the machine that in the convention had defeated Senator Everett Colby and the reformers. Katzenbach, therefore, received many votes that were not so much a compliment to him or his party as a rebuke to the Republican managers. Finally, thousands of New York business men, resident in New Jersey, cast their ballots for Katzenbach by way of showing their displeasure with the national Administration, which, since the recent panic, has been intensely unpopular in New York commercial circles.

It is announced on authority that President Roosevelt is "rewriting" those parts of his annual message which deal with finance. This shows, even more strikingly than bank failures and money stringency, what a panic can do. That the President perceives the need of a change of front is much to the credit of his teachable spirit. He displays none of that haughty attitude of the public man, face to face with facts undreamed of in his philosophy, which animated Joseph Chamberlain when he said: "What I have written, I have written." But it is characteristic of Mr. Roosevelt that he proposes to "reassure" the public by large citations from his former messages and speeches to prove that he has always been the most conservative man going. But this will hardly go to the root of the trouble, which, in so far as he is responsible for it, has not been due to his words so much as to his manner and general attitude.

Rumors of an extra session of Congress, though the regular meeting is but four weeks away, seem to be without foundation. It would be difficult to name a sound reason for anticipating the December date. The analogy of 1893 has little validity. Then there was a definite peril to be removed—the silver-purchase law—and the sooner Congress set about the work the better. To-day, the situation is entirely different. As even Mr. Bryan points out, with delightful innocence, no one now questions "the quality" of the currency. There ought undoubtedly to be legislation designed to make the currency more responsive to the needs of business, and to provide for some form of issues on bank assets in an emergency, but that would look necessarily to the future, and could act only as a mild palliative for what has already occurred.

"There is plenty of money in the country, and Wall Street is no longer able to corner the currency market." This, from the Atlanta *Constitution*, of a fortnight ago, is a fair sample of the ludicrous nonsense that was talked by Southern and Western newspapers, just before the financial stringency gripped their part of the country, too. The idea that what was happening in the financial centre of the country was only a "flurry" among speculators had been sedulously cultivated. But the facts have now made their way even through the thickest skull. It is seen that nothing is so fluid and sensitive as capital; that a great shock to credit in one part of the country is certain to be reflected elsewhere. We are all bound up in the same bundle, financially as well as politically. Hence it was that the boastfulness of the Western newspapers died on their lips as they saw the conditions in New York reproducing themselves in Chicago and San Francisco, in Oregon and Oklahoma. Wall Street has, of course, its times of senseless speculation, of which the ups and downs may not immediately signify; but when through a long period the Wall Street barometer is set steadily for foul weather, prudent people everywhere make ready to go in out of the rain.

Secretary Straus has decided that eight lithographers, held at New York as imported contract laborers, are entitled to admission. His opinion is apparently good law, under the opinion of the Attorney-General, and is certainly good sense. There is at present a scarcity of such labor in this country, the Secretary holds, and therefore employers are permitted to go abroad for it. This sounds reasonable, but no doubt it will appear the height of unreason to trade unionists. They will point out that the alleged scarcity of lithographers was caused by a strike, and hence that the government, by allowing foreign workmen to be brought in, puts itself in the attitude of that most offensive of all beings, a strike-breaker. Moreover, a scarcity of labor is the very thing the unions aim to produce. To keep the supply short and wages high in consequence, and to encourage the men to be slack and insubordinate, is of the very essence of unionism as it too often manifests itself in this country. Things have come to a pretty pass if the Secretary of Commerce thinks he can interfere with these beneficent purposes.

The announcement by the Governors of North Carolina, Georgia, and Alabama of the successful conclusion of an agreement for coöperation in railroad regulation and investigation affords a new contrast between State and Federal methods. The report adopted by the Association of State Railroad Commissioners on October 11, it will be remembered, expressed the belief that all past general reductions in interstate as well as intrastate tariffs "have been brought about by the affirmative action of State authorities." Yet this has been done largely without formal agreements between the States or uniformity of policy among them. The plan of these Southern States is to make their policies uniform within their respective borders and see if they cannot get the railroads to bring their interstate rates into conformity. But jurisdiction over interstate fares and rates is, of course, lodged at Washington. These States are rash enough to believe that without any legal power of compulsion whatever they can make a better job of regulating the railroads which cross their lines than the Interstate Commerce Commission, with all the new powers granted by the act of last year.

The city which is to entertain the next Republican National Convention is expected to provide a hall seating 14,000 persons. This requirement is announced by Harry S. New, who, as acting chairman of the National Committee, is hearing the conflicting claims of the several cities. "There was no contest in the convention of 1904," says Mr.

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New, "but there will be in the next one, with the probability of a much larger attendance." The last convention was a mere jollification meeting. It had nothing of any importance to decide, and the presence of fifty thousand howling dervishes would not have impaired its usefulness. The next one has very important questions to settle. It should exemplify the statesmanlike poise and calm judgment of a great party. Consequently, according to the prevailing logic, it is in order to bring in all the more outsiders, to confuse and deafen, if not to coerce and terrorize, the delegates. If the shouts in the galleries, the "demonstrations" timed by stop-watches, the flags and the marchings really reflected popular feeling, or if any one supposed that they did, the case would be different. But everybody knows how convention tickets are distributed and the galleries packed with partisans of the various candidates. The National Convention has come to be one of the important parts of our scheme of government. Some day the parties are likely to realize the absurdity of trying to conduct a dignified deliberative body in the midst of an hysterical mob.

The bulletin which the Census Bureau has issued in regard to the printing and publishing industry shows that in the half-decade between 1900 and 1905, when the present figures were gathered, there have been a great many unobserved changes in the output of the press in this country. Among the most striking features to which this bulletin calls attention is the tremendous increase in the branches of printing which bear no relation whatever to "literature." There are 792 city directories now published annually, and they use a total of 12,000,000 sheets of book paper. Telephone books use 133,000,000 sheets, and street-car transfers alone 30,000,000. The growth of the "mail-order" business has vastly increased the editions of catalogues printed, and in general the new resources of the printer's art have very greatly increased the amount spent annually on high-class, commercial printing. Yet, though book and job printing increased by nearly 40 per cent. in five years, as measured by the value of product, the newspaper and periodical industry increased 46 per cent.; that is, faster still. Yet this difference itself can be accounted for chiefly on the commercial side. Prior to 1890 "subscriptions and sales" accounted for more than half of the total "value of products," whereas in 1905 56.7 per cent. of the return from newspapers and periodicals came from the advertising. This fact underlies any consideration of existing tendencies in the periodical press. Something like three-fourths of American periodicals are and always have been weeklies. The proportion of individual weeklies has fallen off only a little since 1900, but on the basis of circulation these and all other classes have been eclipsed by the monthly magazine:

> For the period from 1900 to 1905, monthly publications reported an aggregate circulation per issue (upon a decade basis) five times as great as the increase shown for the decade from 1880 to 1890, and more than four times as great as the increase shown by the daily class for 1900 to 1905, and over ten times as great as that of the weekly. Thus, in 1905, the aggregate circulation of the monthly outstripped that of every other class, and amounted to almost half the total circulation per issue of all classes of publications in the United States.

One of the most significant developments is the rise of the Italian and Polish newspapers. To make the "undesirable" immigrant into a newspaper reader may not alter his nature, but it sometimes does furnish a starting point for his assimilation. It might be added that some of these hyphenated American journals furnish a good deal more sensible and edifying reading than the sensational American papers which the immigrant's son may peruse so greedily.

The bills which Gov. Stokes has just signed providing for the direct primary in New Jersey and for practically a popular choice of United States Senators are both results of the "New Idea" movement. Both have come to be stock measures of political reformers, and the list of States which have taken them up has to be revised every year. The new method of Senatorial choice in New Jersey will doubtless attract peculiar attention, for the connection of New Jersey's Senators with the financial interests which the "New Idea" men are fighting is more obvious and more direct than in most States. The new plan is a compromise between the ordinary methods of legislative choice and such an extreme enactment as that of Oregon. It does not try to evade the Constitutional provision which confides the choice of Senators to the State Legislatures. Senatorial nominations are to be made by petition, and the names of Senatorial candidates placed on the primary ballots. The individual member of the Legislature, however, may be bound or not, as he chooses. He may file with his nomination papers a pledge that he will support the candidate for Senator who is the choice of his party within his own district, or the candidate who is the choice of the party in the State as a whole, or he may remain unpledged. Thus the Senatorial primary may have much or little influence. In a year of indifference it would be possible for a Legislature to disregard its results altogether; but in the case of a vigorous contest the plan provides a simple and effective means for the voters to make their preference felt.

The "tobacco war," which is no longer to be treated as merely market news, involves another test of the strength of combination in the agricultural field. For the last two years a great deal more tobacco has been raised than the buyers are willing to take at prices satisfactory to the growers. In the effort to hold up prices, reliance has thus far been placed in the pooling of crops and an agreement between growers not to deal individually with the buyers. The depredations of "night riders," so often reported of late, have been committed against farmers who violated or refused to subscribe to this code. But no pooling agreement, of course, can alter the stubborn fact that stocks of tobacco are too large for the immediate demands of the industry. The next stage is to stop production. Agreements not to raise tobacco in 1908 are already reported from some localities. Of course, at every stage the tobacco war has followed the tactics of the hated industrial combinations. But even under pressing necessity, an agreement between individual growers is enormously harder to enforce than one between a relatively few manufacturing establishments.

A terrible discovery has been made in the University of Berlin. The "American professor" sent from Harvard, in pursuance of the policy of international exchange, is no American at all! Professor Schofield is, in fact, a Canadian. Anybody can see what grave consequences are involved. The Harvard authorities, it is true, weakly explain that they had thought of Professor Schofield only as one of their most distinguished scholars, and say that questions of technical citizenship ought not to enter into the interchange of professors. This they contend is "academic," and not "diplomatic." But that is absurd. Who cares a straw what our exported professors know, or can teach? They are sent abroad to brag for their country, to gush for her, and to be, for the time, international figures, typifying the *entente* between two mighty peoples. Evidently, therefore, they must be Americans, *vieille roche*, or their mission will be worse than a failure. We suppose that it is too late to correct the blunder now, but one can fancy the Kaiser's feelings when this American professor appears at court, not wrapped in an American flag.

The *Daily Princetonian* chastises with scorpions those undergraduates who have lately been recreant to the "Princeton spirit":

> At yesterday's practice, with the victorious shouts of the Cornellians still in our ears, eight seniors, eight juniors, and some twenty-five underclassmen sat in the stand, mute spectators of the work of the team; while in the comfort of the dormi-

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tories sat the undergraduates of Princeton, every one duty bound to be at the field to cheer the team in its efforts to make up for Saturday's defeat and force the season to a victorious conclusion. Where were the seniors, to whom every one looks as the leaders of the spirit of Princeton? Where were the juniors and the sophomores and the freshmen? Where were the cheer leaders, the men primarily responsible to the team for the active support granted it by the undergraduates?

Where, where was Roderick then? But the trouble is that in football no man's bugle horn is worth a thousand men. Football practice is not a success unless you have the thousand (count them) there in the flesh. Actors can often do better at rehearsals than when the audience is on hand; baseball players make as many star plays in practice as at any time; track athletes seldom equal at meets the records made in private; professional jugglers perform their new feats a thousand times at home before they dare attempt them on the vaudeville stage. But football players without at least fifty "rooters" per capita on the side lines are listless and ineffectual creatures.

If there is to be a great railway strike in England, it has been preceded by a tremendous amount of thundering in the index. The organization on either side, the negotiations, the rival statements, the appeals from the innocent third party—the public—have been going on a long time. Such things usually lead up to a settlement, not a rupture. Though the railway employees have voted by a very large majority for a general strike, no date has been set, and the way is still said to be open for a compromise. The chief point at issue is "recognition" of the union. The railway officials say that they will meet with representatives of their own employees, but will not deal with the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants, covering all the roads. No one can deny that a paralyzing strike on the English railways would be exceedingly ill-timed at present. The strain on capital is serious enough without adding that burden. That is one reason why a settlement of the dispute may be the more easily reached.

The Anglo-Russian agreement is reported to have been received with a good deal of grumbling by the radical element in the Persian Parliament. The guarantee of the nation's integrity and independence by the contracting parties is welcomed, but the question is raised by what right the two Powers have proceeded to parcel out the empire into zones between themselves. "Supposing," one deputy is represented as asking, "we should be inclined to grant a concession to France, Germany, or Belgium within one of the reserved zones. Should we not be in a position to do so?" The answer is, of course, that, officially, Great Britain and Russia have not designated certain regions as their exclusive spheres of influence as against every other Power, but only as against each other, each one agreeing not to compete with the other in its assigned sphere. Should France seek to obtain a concession in northern Persia, nothing in the Anglo-Russian agreement imposes a restraint on the Persian Government.

Signs of a reawakening terrorism in Russia are multiplying. The outside world can understand why political assassination should suggest itself to the revolutionists as a satisfactory method of combating the autocracy, without at all taking the same view of its effectiveness. The revolutionists profess to pursue, through organized assassination, a two-fold object. The temporary aim is to bring about, through terror, the mitigation of specific intolerable conditions, such as the frightening of prison officials into a more humane treatment of their political prisoners. Under this head would come the recent assassination of the Chief of Prisons, Maximoffsky, or of the dramatic way in which, *seriatim*, the blow has fallen upon the men connected with the torture of the famous Mlle. Spiridonova. The broader aim of terrorism is to disorganize the entire governmental system by reducing the bureaucracy to a general state of nervous prostration. The revolutionists may have been partly successful in the first object, but experience should have demonstrated by this time that nothing permanent can be gained from campaigning by panic methods. Men who are frightened soon forget their fear—not even excepting Nicholas II. As an instance in point, the very liberties which were granted in 1905, in a moment of panic, have since been revoked in greater part as the government has recovered confidence. To frighten the government and to keep it frightened would be good tactics—but for that, individual campaigning by assassination is altogether inadequate.

The resignation of the Michelsen Cabinet in Norway deserves commemoration on grounds of pure historic interest. That Ministry was the first organized under the restored independent Norwegian monarchy, and its head was the man who had most to do with the revolution of June, 1905, which effected the break-up of the Scandinavian dual monarchy. Premier Michelsen's retirement is said to be due to the condition of his health and to possess no political significance; and the continuity of government policy is assured by the appointment as Premier of M. Loevland, who was Minister of Foreign Affairs in the late Cabinet and the leading Norwegian representative in the negotiations with Sweden for the settlement of questions arising from the dissolution of the Union. Since that event Norway has given the outside world little occasion for comment, aside from the travels of her young and popular King. Rumors of friction with Sweden over the terms of the military convention embodied in the treaty of separation, and of extensive military preparations on both sides, would appear to have little basis in fact. Time makes it apparent that separation has brought good both to Norway and Sweden. The former, with the most advanced democracy in Europe, is free from grave political problems, and at liberty to devote itself to the development of its economic interests. In Sweden the shock of separation has had a salutary effect on public life by supplying a powerful impulse towards democracy and the general reorganization of the national life in accordance with modern conditions.

Hungary is never without her critical problem. The agreement with Austria has just been concluded, after years of bickering, when the question of universal suffrage assumes dimensions of first-rate importance. The great popular demonstration arranged by the Socialists of Budapest two weeks ago has not been without effect, and within a few days Count Andrassy, Minister of the Interior, will have laid before the Chamber the Government's proposals for electoral reform. That the Magyar majority will try to concede as little as possible is taken for granted. The universal-suffrage agitation, combined with the Socialist movement, has its main strength among the non-Magyar nationalities of Hungary—the Slavs, Rumans, Germans, etc.—and the present ruling classes cannot but look forward with anxiety to a reform that would raise the number of Hungarian electors from one to four millions. The question of universal suffrage was injected into Hungarian politics early in 1905 by the extra-parliamentary Cabinet of Baron Fejervary, in its struggle with the Parliamentary majority led by the Independence party. Brought forward largely as a threat against the Magyar leaders, universal suffrage was seized upon by the masses of the nation and made an unavoidable issue. The amazingly rapid triumph of universal suffrage in Austria has stimulated the Hungarian movement. That the Magyar rulers will have to yield sooner or later there can be little doubt; but there is no reason why, with their exceptional talent for politics, they should not succeed in turning universal suffrage to their own advantage, as Francis Joseph has done in Austria.

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SAFEGUARDING THE FUTURE.

The financial tangle seems to be slowly straightening out. But it is not too early to bring to attention two important measures of reform in our financial system generally, the imperative need for which has been shown by recent events. Of one we spoke a week ago: the radical remodelling of the trust-company law. No intelligent man will now deny that this law, even as amended in 1906, is in need of complete overhauling; and the question how to separate the trust business of trust companies from the banking business, pure and simple, ought at once to be seriously considered. The prime defect, even of the Wainwright law for a 15 per cent. reserve, one-third in cash, was that it dealt properly neither with such trust companies as are only banks under another name, nor with such as are doing a simple trustee business. Applied to the one, this statute was inadequate; applied to the other, it was in some respects too stringent. Moreover, it did not in the least solve the problem of admitting the trust companies as members of the Clearing House; for the rule and tradition of that institution is that all banks in its membership must maintain a 25 per cent. cash reserve.

Yet the experience of the last two weeks proved that membership in a clearing house, on the part of trust companies doing a banking business, means much more than local prestige, and more even than the gaining of such benefits as are conferred by mutual protection in a time of stress. People have wondered how it was possible that the "run" on the trust companies should have continued during four or more successive days, when two days have hitherto made up the longest record of a bank run. The answer is that the long lines before the companies' doors were not made up exclusively of panic-stricken individual depositors, but that the companies themselves, having withdrawn in the past four years from even indirect connection with the Clearing House, had left the exchange of checks and balances between themselves and other institutions to be conducted by messengers at the tellers' windows. This being so, these messengers, engaged in the very routine business which clearing houses were invented to perform, added by their presence to the lines which were reckoned "bank runs." To render forever impossible the repetition of such events, the shortest road is the rigid separation of the trust and banking departments of the companies, the application of the banking law's full requirements to the second of those departments, and the admission of the companies on that basis to the Clearing House.

If reform in the trust-company law has been shown to be imperative, so has reform of the currency. We are far from sympathizing with the idea that a rigid bank note system, such as the country now possesses, was in any respect a cause for the breakdown of credit. Never, in our opinion, in a case of grave financial disturbance has there been less ground for putting the blame on the currency. But if an inelastic currency did not cause the trouble, it may nevertheless have impeded natural means of quick relief; and here the defects of our present law are serious. What the markets needed, and still need, is actual currency; and when hoarding by scared depositors has begun, nothing but an elastic bank-note-issuing system will instantly and automatically meet such requirements. Last week Comptroller Ridgely offered special facilities for national banks to take out new circulation under the present law. The step was well-advised. But the existing machinery, with the requirement of bond collateral, is awkward, and the process inevitably long. In 1893, when the same appeal was made in the July panic, and when $9,000,000 new notes were actually taken out by New York city banks, it was September before the greater part of them went into circulation, and by that time the panic was over and the notes no longer needed.

Considered as an emergency provision, the currency plan approved by the New York Chamber of Commerce a year ago, and by the National Bankers' Convention last September, would amply meet the needs of such occasions. Like the Imperial Bank of Germany's "emergency circulation," which has repeatedly done quick service in averting or allaying a panic, the plan for permissible note issues—backed by an institution's general assets, equal to 40 per cent. of a bank's outstanding bond-secured circulation, taxed at 2½ per cent. per annum, and supported by a cash reserve of 25 per cent.—would at this moment be an invaluable recourse at New York, had it been made available by law. After what has happened, it will be impossible for Congress at the coming session again to neglect the subject.

JOHN MORLEY ON INDIA.

It was a singular political fate which made John Morley responsible for the government of India at a time of unrest and danger. Himself an old Radical, sworn enemy of everything that looks like oppression or tyranny, it has been his official duty for the past year, as Secretary of State for India, to employ every resource of the law against seditious agitation. He has laid a heavy hand upon disturbers of the peace. He has banished native leaders without trial. To every appeal to countenance anything approaching disorder, he has presented an iron front. In his official communications, as in his statements in Parliament, he has borne himself as a resolute and unyielding ruler.

Many of his old friends and admirers have been somewhat troubled by this uncompromising attitude. Mr. Morley himself seems to have felt the need of explaining and defending his course, for he went down to his constituents in Arbroath the other evening, and made a long speech on the whole situation in India, and on his methods of dealing with it. Personally, he took the position of a man who had abandoned not one principle which he had ever advocated. To be a member of an autocratic government was not an inconsistency, he implied, for a man of radical convictions, provided he clung to them all the same, and applied them wherever possible. In this sense, Mr. Morley's defence was like that of all political opportunists, using the word in its good sense. He might say of himself, as another did: "The ship swings on the tide, but the anchor holds."

Mr. Morley's great point was that it is the government's bounden duty to put down disorder with a firm hand. If India were to become self-governing tomorrow, and one of her reform leaders were to be at the head of the Administration, the obligation to repress violence would be the same. To maintain order is essential to anything like future progress. The one thing that the Secretary for India has dreaded was to hear "through the dark distances the roar and scream of confusion and carnage in India." In doing his utmost to prevent that, Mr. Morley has kept his eye close on the facts before him, and has refused to be misled by fallacious analogies. People have pressed upon him the case of self-governing Canada. He has been asked how, holding his well-known views about Ireland, he has been harder upon the Hindus than upon the Irish Nationalists. But his answer has been that there is no such thing as a political panacea. Because a doctrine, or a course of action, is true and vital in one set of circumstances, it does not follow that the same will hold in a completely different set of circumstances. But, in all circumstances, order is the first law of liberalism and progress as well as of heaven.

While firmly insisting upon this, Mr. Morley keeps his mind open to the significance and possibilities of the native movement in India. This he refuses to check, so long as it confines itself to orderly methods. Many, he says, have protested to him against the license accorded to native newspapers and speakers. Why doesn't he stop it? Orientals cannot understand that sort of liberty, and will only abuse it. But Mr. Morley's reply is one that Americans like Senator Lodge, who are all the while saying that we must govern so as to "impress the Oriental imagination,"

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would do well to bear in mind. Whether the Orientals understand it or not, said John Morley, it is a Western experiment that is being carried out in India. The government there represents Western civilization, with its principles and practices, "and I for one will not be hurried into repression by the argument that Orientals do not understand this toleration."

Hence every facility for self-improvement and self-expression is to be guaranteed to the Hindus. Of what schools and the press can do for them, Mr. Morley is in no wise afraid. Moreover, reform schemes are being put into execution at the very time when seditious movements are dealt with sternly. The various Indian princes and protected states are to be left much more to themselves, to look after their own affairs as far as possible. Natives are to be drawn into the government. Two Hindus have been appointed members of the Council of India—for the first time in history. Furthermore, the government has sent out a circular to elicit opinion as to what the natives really want as a step toward self-government. The unrest in India will disappear if it is mere froth; but if it is the result of "wholesome growth" towards political consciousness in that vast population, then it will continue, and will translate itself into new forms of self-government, with which enlightened and liberal Englishmen cannot but sympathize.

A man of philosophic bent like Mr. Morley cannot speak of the problems of India without throwing light upon others resembling them. To see that order is established, and the opportunity given to settle all political questions in peace, is the first governmental duty. But with this goes the obligation to allow education and democratic aspiration to have free play and work out their natural fruits. Disorder is most criminal when the ends aimed at can be reached, though more slowly, by peaceful agitation and political change. Therefore, the repression of violence carries with it the correlative duty to make the bounds of freedom wider yet. And democracy must not be afraid of its own children, East or West. If the same striving that makes men desire to govern themselves in the Occident impels them to seek control of their own affairs in the Orient, it cannot be thwarted there any more than here.

HARDEN'S VICTORY.

Maximilian Harden's successful defence of himself in the libel suit brought against him by Gen. von Moltke is certain to have far-reaching consequences. The man himself has wielded a brilliant pen not only in his widely circulated weekly, *Die Zukunft*, but, before he founded it, in his essays on politics and education, signed "Apostata." Under this name they were published in book form in Berlin in 1892 and have run through several editions. A devoted adherent of Bismarck, he employed against Caprivi all his great powers of satire and irony. But if the ability of his pen has been acknowledged and his style likened to that of Heine, there is considerable difference of opinion as to the man and his character. He is noted for quarrelsomeness. Until 1886 he bore his family name of Witkowski. On account of family dissensions, he then called himself Harden; but feuds, long and wearisome, and almost endless literary and political disputes, have marked his career ever since. Frequently these contests have ended in bitter personalities, and as a result he generally fights his battles alone.

The fact that he was born a Jew, and that his family still belongs to the orthodox religion, although he himself avowed the Christian faith at the age of sixteen, has intensified official dislike of him, for in Berlin military and bureaucratic circles a Jew is almost as much hated as in Vienna. But he would have been severely frowned upon by aristocrats and autocrats even if he had come of the oldest Protestant lineage. He who assails governmental conditions and social privilege must expect to be hated as well as feared, and to suffer in turn attacks upon his own character and motives. Ugly allegations against Harden the man and discreditable reasons for his "pernicious activity" have for a long time been spread through the land. None the less, whether he is a mere sensationalist or an honest "muck-raker," his following has grown steadily year by year. It is not, however, to Herr Harden's credit that the great liberal and radical newspapers of Germany have held aloof from him and his crusades. Frequently they have sympathized cordially in a particular aim and have joined him in his attack; yet their support has always been restrained as if they doubted the man and were uncertain as to his political principles and their fixity.

That Harden has now made precisely the ten-strike which he has always hoped for, is plain. He is a popular hero; Germany talks of no one else; the presses will not be able to print enough copies of *Die Zukunft*, and he can correctly assert that when he thrust his probe into the festering mass of corruption he has now laid open, he was performing a great public service. His plea that when, like a true knight of the pen, he put to utter rout and shame the base "Knights of the Round Table," he was, at the risk of his own career, coming to the rescue of his sovereign, will be accepted by the masses. It will not help him with the Kaiser, who will bear him no thanks. The private life of the Prussian royal family has for decades been marvellously correct when contrasted with the license of other courts; and many a well-authenticated story of the Empress's concern for the moral welfare of her sons has made almost a noble figure of an otherwise uninteresting personality. But silence on Harden's part would obviously have pleased the Kaiser better.

As for the Kaiser, there is, in all this foul scandal, no reflection upon him, except on his failure to find out for himself what is happening, and in his judgment of men. As to his knowledge of current events, people are generally aware that his reading is limited; the things that will please him have been laid before him. Liberal journals, Socialistic organs, newspapers representing other opinions than his own and those of his Chancellor have rarely if ever reached his eyes. *Die Zukunft's* charges were brought to his attention by the Crown Prince long after they had appeared. As to his personal associates, his cordial relations with some of the leading steamship men and a few young American millionaires have provoked the criticism that he is interesting himself only in foreigners and in captains of industry. The German public, however, does not desire that he should choose his friends solely from official circles, as did some of his predecessors, but rather that he should see more of men of courage and learning, and of liberal views even though of modest achievements.

That the Social-Democratic newspapers are now stocked as never before with ammunition for their assaults on autocracy and its methods is evident from the zeal with which they have already buckled to their work. These journals have the ability to make their evidence and their arguments tell to the utmost. What will, however, shock people more, perhaps, than the frightful immorality revealed is the part the army has played in it all, and the abominable orders private soldiers were compelled to obey. For some time past there have been whisperings that all was not well in the service, and this last revelation will increase public anxiety. The nation as a whole is intensely proud of its troops, but since the Kaiser has done so little to check fast living, extravagance, and the caste spirit, the general demand for prompt reform in this direction will be much strengthened. It is characteristic of Harden, however, that he avows to-day that he is but little concerned with the abnormalities revealed; they draw from him but mild indignation. It is the political results with which he is concerned heart and soul.

OUR COMING MUSICAL DELUGE.

"One thing is certain," said a prominent concert manager the other day, "there are too many artists, entirely too

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many, in America this season. Somebody must suffer." When one looks at the list of pianists, violinists, and singers who are to be heard here, one cannot help agreeing with this caterer. Formerly, when Paderewski was in the field, most other pianists maintained a discreet silence; this year they all come rushing in together—Hofmann, De Pachmann, Bauer, Hambourg, Ganz, Schelling, Buhlig, and the women—Katharine Goodson, Fannie Bloomfield-Zeisler, Augusta Cottlow, Olga Samaroff, Teresa Carreno. The violinists, headed by Kreisler and Kubelik, are with us, too; and as for the singers, they make an astounding array of talent and—expense. To name only a few: we shall hear Mmes. Abott. Eames, Farrar, Fremstad, Gadski, Morena, Sembrich, Homer, Kirkby-Lunn, Nordica, Melba, Garden, Calvé, Schumann-Heink; Messrs. Caruso, Bonci, Knote, Burrian, Dippel, Burgstaller, Reiss, Goritz, Campanari, Van Rooy, Chaliapine, Plançon, Dalmores, Zenatello, Sammarco, Renaud, Bispham.

In Berlin they are trying to meet this American peril by engaging young American singers; but we shall have them all back as soon as they have become sufficiently famous and able to ask American prices. It must be admitted that in one respect we are more favored than the present musical metropolis of the world: we have a deluge of talent, while Berlin's is a deluge chiefly of mediocrities, and aspirants to fame. The minor-concert evil has reached a crisis there. The critics are beginning to sulk and balk. They declare that most of the 800 concerts they are expected to cover each season are given solely for them—that is, for the newspaper notices; and they are beginning to see the necessity of curbing the nuisance by ignoring many of the minor affairs. While these concerts are much fewer with us, we still have too many of them; they accustom people to the free-ticket habit, and thus injure those entertainments for which there would otherwise be a paying public. We also have too many orchestral concerts, made possible by the generosity of wealthy guarantors. It is pleasant to note that the best of these—the Philharmonic and those of the Boston Symphony Orchestra—are receiving more public support than ever. Most of the others would cease to exist if conducted on their own merits, however great these may be; for the majority of Americans still look on orchestral music solely as a very expensive way of making a noise.

With opera the case is different. That, with its theatrical splendor and social surroundings, appeals to thousands whose ears cannot unravel the complex weft of orchestral scores. It is, therefore, quite possible that, notwithstanding the financial situation, the season's offerings by our two grand-opera houses, though abundant beyond all precedent, may not prove greater than the demand. It was shown last year that New York can support two operas at top-notch prices; nay, there were evenings and afternoons when the demand for tickets at both places exceeded the supply. A year's rivalry has made both Heinrich Conried and Oscar Hammerstein alive to the necessity of doing their very best, and there can be little doubt that in the matter of excellence, as well as profusion, all records will be broken this winter. Both houses have a bigger roster of artists than they had before, and some interesting novelties and revivals are not only promised, but in actual preparation.

Of special interest is Mr. Hammerstein's attempt to acclimate the modern repertory of the Opéra Comique of Paris in his Manhattan Opera House. Charpentier's "Louise," which the Parisians have applauded hundreds of times, will be heard here for the first time. So will the "Pelléas et Mélisande" of Debussy, the French Richard Strauss; so will two of Massenet's new operas, "Thaïs" and the "Jongleur de Notre Dame"; also, the new "Hélène" of Saint-Saëns, and a much older novelty, the "Contes d'Hofmann," an opera in which Offenbach showed that he could rise far above his habitual buffoonery. For these operas Mr. Hammerstein has imported the Chicago prima donna, Miss Mary Garden, who has won much success in Paris and Brussels in French operas, new and old But the Manhattan is to sail by no means always under the French flag; German opera, which was tabooed last year, is to take a prominent place, by the side of French and Italian works, with Mmes. Nordica and Schumann-Heink and M. Dalmores in the leading rôles. It will be a novel and fascinating experience to hear the Wagner operas under the splendid acoustic conditions of this theatre, and under the direction of Mr. Campanini, who declares that he is "a great if not a fanatical admirer of Wagner."

At the Metropolitan Opera House, also, some stirring events are impending. The centre of interest probably will be the grand fight between Caruso and—not Bonci or Knote, but Mahler—Gustav Mahler, for ten years the chief conductor and sole manager and tyrant of the Imperial Opera in Vienna, whom Mr. Conried has, with much wisdom, engaged as chief conductor and general superintendent of the Metropolitan. Caruso is the greatest of living Italian tenors, but, unfortunately, he is Italian only; he is not, like Jean de Reszke, a versatile artist who is great also in French and German opera. The result of the prevailing worship of Caruso's wonderful voice has been in the past two years to focus public interest too much on vocalism instead of on the operas themselves. Now, Mahler is a natural and violent antidote to this state of affairs. To him the opera's the thing, and the artists mere means to an end. He will have charge, in particular, of the Mozart and Wagner operas, and he may do things greatly to astonish this town. It has been said of him that, while his Mozart is like a Watteau or a miniature of the most exquisite coloring, he is a towering giant in Wagner. Under him, rehearsals will come into vogue again; and shall we venture a rash prediction? We should not be surprised if the most popular opera of the season should prove to be, not one of the Caruso favorites, but Mozart's "Don Giovanni."

PERSONALLY ANNOTATED BOOKS.

The London Library has lately come into possession of 600 volumes which were once owned by Leslie Stephen. All of them have to do with religion or philosophy, and every volume has marginal notes in Stephen's hand, or drawings from his pencil. Few of the works are now popular, if they ever were, but the historic value of them all must be heightened by Stephen's annotations. At least, the authorities of the London Library think so, for they have had the pages containing the pencilled notes "sized," so as to preserve them as long as the book itself can be kept from falling into dust.

The personal interest given to a book through former ownership, or use, by a famous man, we need not dwell upon. It has long been recognized by collectors and booksellers: "association books" have their price due to names. But the volumes from Leslie Stephen's library possess a significance far beyond that; they admit us to his literary workshop; they reveal the workings of his mind. In his scattered memoranda and criticisms on the Deists, for example, we are led into the very making of his "English Thought in the Eighteenth Century." To one volume, Hobbes's "Historia Ecclesiastica," a singular interest attaches, since on the fly-leaf three generations of scholars have written their opinion of the book. Two of them are Robert Southey and Leslie Stephen. The third and earliest is thought to be Robert Nares. Here are the three judgments:

(1.) Opus stylo barbarum, argumento confusum, et obscurum ut neque intelligi possit, nec dignum sit in quo labores ut intelligas. Nec perlegi, nec perlegam.—R. N.

(2.) Ego tamen perlegi, non sine fructu, nec sine delectatione quâdam. Nihil me pœnitet hujus perlectionis. Opusculum est tam ingenii acumine quam scabredine carminis vere Hobbesium.—R. S. [*i. e.*, Robert Southey].

(3.) Ego quoque perlegi et Roberti Southcy sententiam valde probo. Hobbesii nihil a me alienum puto.—L. S.

Some of Stephen's notes on modern books are characteristically audacious and amusing. They remind one of his letters. In his copy of Mr. Balfour's

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"Foundations of Belief" are many spicy comments. One reads: "This is A. J. B.'s meanest evasion." Opposite Mr. Balfour's sentence: "I do not suggest now that the doctrine of the Incarnation supplies any philosophic solution of this difficulty," Stephen had written "Modest!" The same lightly characterizing pencil had left its trail through the "Tracts for the Times." One annotation is: "If J. H. Newman really wrote this, it is a curious instance of the kind of stuff that will pass for logic with an able theologian." On another margin occurs this: "Reverence=grovelling in the mud before a dumb idol."

This was merely the lighter vein of Leslie Stephen. Others of these scarred volumes bear witness to his serious grappling with the gravest problems that can occupy the human intellect. Spinoza was an author whom he had evidently read attentively, and Kant was another. Histories and political economies were deeply scored. Herbert Spencer had been much annotated, though Spencer, it would appear, chiefly provoked Stephen into drawing fantastic sketches on margins and end-leaves.

The habit of writing in books has been often condemned. But the objections rightly made to it do not lie against Stephen's practice. In the first place, the books were his own. They were not borrowed from either a friend or a public library. Hence his annotations cannot be called defacing the property of another. Furthermore, his jottings were worlds away from the artless "This is lovely," or "Isn't this horrid?" written by schoolgirls in current novels. Stephen's fancy was often at play as he read; that is clear; but in general his mind was on the stretch. He marked, but he also inwardly digested. Books were to him both the material and the tools of his work. In that lies the great significance of his books, blazed with the trail of his passage. He did not look upon them with something of the Arab reverence for print, as print, but made them the familiars of his thought and pencil. Like Darwin, he would doubtless have torn his volumes asunder if he could thereby have made them more useful to him.

Many great readers of our time have treated their books as Stephen did his. At the time Brunetière's library was sold, last spring, we called attention to his striking marginalia, the reading of which, according to one French critic, was like an extension of Brunetière's work. With the failing memory of the indexed moderns, they seem more and more to require impedimenta of notes and reminders. The margins of books offer a convenient place to keep them. And then, if you happen to be a scholar and a thinker, all you have to do, in order to produce an article or a lecture, is simply to go to your treasure-house and draw out things new and old. Lowell's lecture on "Don Quixote," before the Workingmen's College in London, was, as he frankly told his hearers, "drawn almost wholly from notes written on its margin in repeated readings."

GEORGE BUCHANAN.

Few readers to-day pay any attention to the Latin poetry of the Renaissance. It is set aside as something inevitably artificial, since composed in a language other than the vernacular. Yet of our own poets, not only Milton and Pope, but a romanticist like Wordsworth, were interested in the Neo-Latins, and Thomas Heywood thought it worth while to render into English numerous extracts from their writings. The Neo-Latins, certainly, did not imagine themselves artificial or regard their work as a *tour de force*. They used what to them was the most natural medium; to the Italians, it was their ancient mother-tongue. As Symonds observed:

> The *Camœnæ* had not died; on the hills of Latium where they fell asleep, they might wake again. Every familiar sight and sound recalled "the rich Virgilian rustic measure" of the Georgics and Bucolics. Latin on the lips of Pontano and Sannazaro is native and living; their verse has individual melody and coloring; it is aglow with the splendors of the Bay of Naples. Their creative impulse, it is true, was not lasting; the later "Ciceronians" stifled originality by attempting to refine. But the writers of the north, like Erasmus, with a vernacular totally remote from Latin, could use the latter for literature more freely, perhaps, than the Italians could, who felt more and more constrained to distinguish the vulgar and the polite in their own language of the past. This explains why so original a poet as Buchanan could come from the north at a time when in Italy Latin verse was on the wane. He is the last in the unbroken succession of the Neo-Latins. Milton and Gray and Vincent Bourne wrote admirable Latin verse after Buchanan; but the movement is over with him.

Buchanan cared little for his own poetry. Though Europe rang with the plaudits of that *divinum ingenium*, "prince of all poets in our times," though he was lauded by Ronsard, Montaigne, Grotius, and even the testy Scaliger, Buchanan regarded his work as accidental and ephemeral. "If my friends had allowed me," he remarks, "I should have consecrated it all to eternal oblivion." We are glad that it remains, both as a proof of his talents, and as a memorial of the movement to which he contributed so much—the introduction of humanism into Scotland. It is not surprising that the anniversary of his birth should have been commemorated in 1906 both at St. Andrews and at Glasgow by extended celebrations, and, in the present year, by the publication of two elaborate memorial volumes.* Both books contain valuable studies, written in not too patriotic a vein. It is clear that Buchanan, whose career was that of a teacher from first to last, cannot be called either a great historian, or a profound investigator of political theory. He knew every one in Europe worth knowing, and was the associate of nobles and kings, but he can lay no claim to statesmanship or to any effective influence on political developments in his native land: his influence on his royal pupil James VI. was powerful, but its result was his pupil's reaction and cordial hostility. Nor may Buchanan be counted a vital force in the propagation of religious reform. He convinced himself, after due deliberation, that Protestantism was in the right, but he nowhere shows the moral intensity of the convert; as a contemporary kindly remarked, "he was of guid religion for a poet." Buchanan was not even a great scholar, as his friends Lambin and Turnèbe were great. He was great as a teacher, reforming the instruction at the college of Ste. Barbe, where he first taught, and, through it, that of the entire University of Paris. His "Rudimenta Grammatices," the first of his works (1533), enjoyed a well-deserved vogue, and could give hints even to modern advocates of the "inductive" method, as it contains the better part of their doctrine. But Buchanan was more than a teacher. Ronsard remarked of him that he showed no trace of the pedagogue save the cap and the gown. The cap and gown—and the very stern and pedagogical aspect that some of his portraits show—were the outer signs, curiously, of a versatile man of the world, a man of letters, a poet. Warned by his own judgment, we perhaps should not take his poems too seriously; yet they reveal, despite his assertion, qualities of enduring merit.

I.

Buchanan turned to poetry at an early age. In his school days at Paris (1520), the writing of Latin verse was part of the training. The lad of fourteen took up this pursuit, he tells us, only partly from natural impulse—but partly because it was prescribed. He read much, doubtless, and was storing his mind with impressions, but he wrote no verse till, in 1534, James V. demanded of his young preceptor a satire on the Franciscans. Buchanan had already amused himself with an admirable translation of "How Dunbar was desyrit to be ane Fryer," and responded to the King's request with what he calls an ambiguous poem. If this poem comprised the two palinodes of the "Fratres Fraterrimi," both the King and the friars were singularly obtuse in thinking it ambiguous; it is the kind of recantation that Swift made in his Palinodia—bitter, scurrilous irony. The King called for more, at any rate, and Buchanan wrote his "Franciscanus," the most elaborate of his satires. The model seems at the outset to be Horace's diatribe on the mad world, as described by the converted Damasippus. In the fashion of

* *George Buchanan: A Memorial, 1506-1906.* Contributions by various writers, compiled and edited by D. A. Millar, St. Andrews, University Press, 1907.

George Buchanan. Glasgow Quartercentenary Studies, 1906. Glasgow, 1907.

There is unnecessary duplication in this twofold undertaking, and after the excellent life of Buchanan by Hume Brown, the plan of the St. Andrews volume is open to criticism. The life and achievements of Buchanan are there treated by essays on all his important activities—as Latin scholar, as historian, as wit and humorist, etc. Some of these essays have the character of the ten-minute speeches made at the memorial banquet—toasts on prescribed themes. The Glasgow volume contains special studies, which rightly do not attempt to cover the entire career of Buchanan. One could wish that the really excellent material in both volumes had been combined in one *Festschrift* on the plan of the Glasgow book, and that the other memorial had taken the form of a reedition of his works. Some of these are published, with translations, in the St. Andrews volume.

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the Stoic, the friar bids his auditor give heed: he shall sprinkle himself nine times with holy water, drink nine straight draughts of hellebore, and meekly receive the truth of ascetic doctrine. The cloister, he will find, is a refuge for dullards and *roués*, and is the modern substitute for suicide. One thinks of Juvenal's reflections on the rope as a cure for matrimony; and indeed throughout the tone is anything but Horatian. Buchanan has not the excuse of the *sæva indignatio* of Juvenal and Swift. He bore the friars no special ill-will; he could remark of the Portuguese monks, to whom the Inquisition subjected him, that they were good fellows with only one failing—blissful ignorance on the subject of religion.* One would expect from him the genial ridicule and urbanity of Erasmus; instead he swings the heavy flail of a *censor morum*. It may be his interest in reproducing ancient situations that tempts him to stronger language than his subjects deserve; by slight innuendo, by the turn of a phrase, he sets the friars back in the Roman empire; they are the counterpart of the hypocritical philosophers of Juvenal's and Martial's days. Another reminiscence, and the monk's prescriptions become a new *ars amandi* in the fashion of Ovid. The latter part of the poem is episodic, and like the second half of the Æneid demands an heroic invocation; *maius opus moveo*, he quotes. The closing lines are pastoral, mimicking the epic close of a Virgilian eclogue. All this is parody of a high order, delicately managed for the most part, and distinctly a feature of Buchanan's satire. One can see how the abuse of it would lead him, with his native capacity for sarcasm, to violence and exaggeration.

The "Franciscanus" is too long a poem. Far more successful in point of structure are the "Fratres Fraterrimi," a collection of epigrams and odes. Some of these are of later date, when Buchanan, under the spur of persecution, had acquired righteous indignation and a blasphemy as audacious as Ovid's, while far more vindictive. His powers of sarcasm and condensed satire shine to the best effect in epigram—in such an epigram as that on Pius II., where every word is admirably placed; Pio, in the final place, is given a dreadful emphasis of irony:

> Vendidit aere polum, terras in morte relinquit,
> Styx superest Papæ, quam colat una, Pio†

Another good bit concerns a Dominican master at the Sorbonne.

> In vino audivit verum latitere, Gonellus,
> Sesquipede extento pinguis aqualiculo,
> Sicne, ait, in nugis frustra consumsimus annos,
> Et tulimus tetricæ jurgia lenta scholæ?
> Ergo vale sterilis veri Sorbona, tuumque
> Accipe discipulum, docta taberna, novum.
> Ex illo ad crassam scrutatus dolia fæcem,
> Pervigil et noctes perbibit atque dies.
> Tandem consumtis fœcunda in pocula nummis,
> Hoc veri invenit, Nil scio, nil habeo.
> Solandoque sui lepide ludibria damni,
> Socrate se jactat non minus esse sophon.§

*Nec inhumanis nec malis sed omnis religionis ignoris.

†He sold his heaven; at death leaves earth as well.
Pope Pius has one last resort—in Hell.

§Gonellus of the rounded paunch heard tell
That truth lies hid in wine. Quoth he, "Ah, well!
Have I, then, spent three years to play the fool
In the long wranglings of the dismal school?
Oh, then, Sorbonne, sterile of truth, adieu!
I come a novice, learned inn, to you."
Thenceforth he studied pint-pots to the lees,
Stern vigil keeping, night and day, in sprees.
When all his money for the cup was thrown,
He found this truth, "I nothing know nor own."
One thought consoled him for his sad emprise—
That Socrates himself was just as wise.

Here the humor is more playful. There are deeper notes, too, now and then, as in the address to some pilgrims, who have wandered far to find the God whom their own hearts can reveal.

II.

Buchanan wrote his tragedies during his stay at Bordeaux from 1539 to 1544. He wrote them because a professor at Bordeaux had to write a tragedy a year for his pupils to perform. Uncertain of his aptitude for this new task, he devoted much care to the first two plays, then finding that they did well enough, he finished the others in short order. For all that he was hailed by his contemporaries as the restorer of the tragic art; the "Baptist" and the "Jephtha" were often translated, and both Milton and the French classic dramatists owed something to his influence.

Buchanan lived in a dramatic age, and he could reshape political events in terms of tragedy. He describes his "Detectio" of what he deemed the crimes of Queen Mary as *plena et tragica plane historia;* Bothwell is *huius fabulæ choragus*, and the catastrophe is noted in its place. We may credit Buchanan with an inborn feeling for tragic situation. He turned, further, for his models not so much to Seneca as to the purer ideals of the Greek drama. Two of his four plays are translations of the "Medea" and the "Alcestis" of Euripides. In the preface to the latter he remarks that the play attracts him because it is not stuffed with murders, poisonings, and the ordinary tragic horrors; its motive is primarily ethical. This is a significant protest: it remains to be seen whether Buchanan penetrated further into the spirit of Greek tragedy than the "Alcestis" and the "Medea" could lead him.

The first of his own plays, and that on which he spent most care, is the "Baptist." An age which is tired even of a pathological Salome and the sight of the Baptist's gory head will find no sensation in Buchanan's tragedy. The daughter of Herodias plays a very minor part, and the rules of the Greek stage, alas! do not permit the appearance of the head. The plot, moreover, must be considered a failure. In the opening scene, Malchus the bigot and Gamaliel the progressive discuss the new prophet and the meaning of his message. Shall they accept it, or not? One is tempted to detect here the voices of scholasticism and humanism in the presence of the Reformation. At any rate a dramatic problem is stated, which the rest of the play does nothing to solve. There is presented instead the personal fate of the Baptist, gradually brought to his doom through the machinations of Herodias: the sub-title of the play is "Calumnia." The tone in general is noble and appropriate, except for unfortunate echoes of Terentian phrases. When the chorus exclaims

> Sed cesso vatem convenire? . . .
> Atque eccum ante ipsas carceris stantem fores!

the reader is prepared for Chremes, not John the Baptist. The iambic verse, further, violates laws of accentuation not discovered in Buchanan's time; the effect is unpleasant, as it reveals instantly that Buchanan is employing, after all, an artificial medium.

The popularity of the "Baptist" is doubtless due to its implicit allusion to contemporary movements. It is dangerous to identify the characters exactly; one should take warning from Nicholas Peck, who in the eighteenth century discovered in a blank verse translation of the "Baptist" what he thought was a forgotten work of Milton's; he found it replete with allegory, which he could easily dovetail into Milton's times. Buchanan himself, publishing the play thirty years after it was written, declared in the dedication to James VI. that his royal pupil should take warning by the moral of the play, to heed no false advisers. In view, further, of his statement to the Spanish inquisition that the fate of the Baptist typified that of Sir Thomas More, we should not read too vigorous an anti-Franciscan purpose into the play. It does present a warning to the tyrant; it is the argument of the "De Jure Regni" in poetical form.

The "Jephtha," Buchanan informs us, took far less time than the "Baptist"; it is distinctly the better play. The Old Testament story contains just the situation that the most distinctive type of tragedy demands—a just man impelled to an unjust deed through inevitable obedience to a righteous power. Such a plot is as potent in "pity and fear" as the "Œdipus" itself, and it is developed by Buchanan in a manner worthy of the ancients. The meeting of Jephtha and his daughter, which recalls that of Agamemnon and Iphigenia, is treated with an effective reserve bordering on the grand style, while the messenger's report of the defeat of the Ammonites is nearer than any of Seneca's descriptions to the sublimity of Æschylus. The spirit of his model helps Buchanan here; for Æschylus and the Old Testament have something in common. Apparently the plot conceals no contemporary allusions. Symmachus, the friend of Jephtha, manifests a Euripidean humanitarianism and common sense; his declaration

> Pertinaci (quod fere ignorantiae est)
> Animo tenetur dogma susceptum semel,*

may be a reformer's thrust at scholasticism. Storgo, the mother, cries out, as she must, at the barbarous sacrifice, and her lament, rather inartistically, concludes the play. But such sentiments are merely dramatic; the Lucretian moral

> tantum religio potuit suadere malorum,

is not drawn. The Angel's prologue gives the poet's meaning; the stern dispensation of God is for Jephtha's good, as it teaches him the humbling lesson that victory comes not by his own right hand. Such sentiment keeps the play Æschylean in tone; there is no Euripidean revolt against a malignant fate, and no contemporary Protestantism.

III.

Buchanan's version of the Psalms, the work which most of all established his popular reputation, was written in his cell in Portugal while he was undergoing instruction from the monks of the Inquisition. If we may assume that he had no library at his disposal, the achievement is proof that his mind was aboundingly stored with the literature that he taught. For the work is far more than a specimen of his mastery of Latin verse; it is an attempt to provide

*The stubborn mind, with ignoranee oft paired,
Maintains the dogma it has once declared.

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the subjects of the different Psalms with an appropriate ancient setting. He needs for this purpose almost all the metres of the Latin poets and a few of his own invention Thus, imprecatory psalms, like the tenth, reappear in stinging iambics; the thirty-first is in dimeters, fresh and simple as a Christian hymn; the forty-fifth, a wedding hymn, is in the stately dactylic hexameter that Catullus used for one of his epithalamia, while the nuptial joys of the one hundred and twenty-eighth suggest the other epithalamium and call for the graceful Glyconic strophe. Didactic or narrative psalms, like the seventy-eighth, are in dactylic hexameter, and while the twenty-third Psalm from its pastoral character might require the same metre, it is just as appropriately done into a reflective Horatian ode, with the same touches of the pastoral as appear now and then in Horace. The one hundred and thirty-seventh Psalm is inevitably in elegiacs—

Dum procul a patria mœsti Babylonis in oris
Fluminis ad liquides forte sedemus aquas—

and recalls not merely the melancholy grace of Tibullus, but something of the spirit of Plato's quatrain on the Eretrians buried in Mesopotamia, far from their beloved sea. In short, here is a new sort of lyric, a harmony of Christian and pagan sentiment, which connects Buchanan at once with the humanists of the fourth century and the long line of writers of Biblical epic; and Buchanan's art has nothing to fear from a comparison with Juvencus and his descendants.

The success of the undertaking was immediate and lasting: the first edition of the Psalms, containing one of Buchanan's best poems, the graceful dedication to Queen Mary, appeared about 1564. It was followed by at least one hundred others, reaching in an unbroken line well into the nineteenth century; for the work became a text-book in Scottish schools. That its poetical qualities appealed immediately, moreover, quite apart from the interest of the general plan, is clear from the fact that the poems were set to music, and several times translated into English. Naturally a translation is futile, as the substitution of English for Latin metres destroys thereby the atmosphere that Buchanan sought to create.

IV.

The remaining poems of Buchanan are occasional in character, though the epithet applies in a way to all his verse. The one exception is his unfinished didactic poem "De Sphæra," a product of his later years. There are many things of interest in his elegies and hendecasyllables, which contain very innocuous poems of passion, and in his "Silvæ," a title which stands mainly for pastoral panegyric and lament. But of all Buchanan's works, the reader will turn with most delight to the three books of Epigrams. These are as varied in subject as Martial, and like the "Fratres Fraterrimi" show better than do the longer satires Buchanan's unrivalled powers of sarcasm. If Posthumus recognized himself in the following verses, he never could have forgotten the portrait:

Nescio an inspexti Narcissi, Posthume, fontem:
Hoc scio, deliras, Posthume, amore tui.
Ille tamen merito: nam quod malesanus amabat
Ante quidem id multis caussa furoris erat.
At tua non paullo est major vesania, qui te.
Sed sine rivali, Posthume, solus ames.*

Zoilus, too, must have ceased his gossip, after the following couplet, which, some believe, inspired an epigram of Voltaire's;

Frustra ego te laudo, frustra me, Zoile, lædis;
Nemo mihi credit, Zoile, nemo tibi.†

The second book begins with a collection of epitaphs. That on Jacobus Silvius, a miserly professor of anatomy at Paris, presents a worthy confrère of Euclio and Harpagon.

Silvius hic situs est, gratis qui nil dedit umquam;
Mortuus et gratis quod legis ista, dolet.‡

Then comes a series of portraits (*icones*). Buchanan begins with prehistory, and borrowing a suggestion from Ovid, thus introduces Saturn and the age of Gold:

Aurea secla olim me paupere Rege fuerunt:
Lis, vis, fraus aberant, omnia pacis erant.
At nunc justitiam mentita injuria dives,
Lis, vis, fraus, auri secula nuda premunt.§

Two portraits of Helen appear with the rest. One is satirical, a variant on Juvenal's maxim *rara est adeo concordia formæ atque pudicitiæ;* the other is tenderly sympathetic:

Mille petita procis, totidem repetita carinis,
Mille poetarum fama laborque fui.
O si nota minus, minus et formosa fuissem!
Maxima matronae est laus latuisse probæ.¶

A terrible deduction from Juvenal's maxim appears in the brutal sarcasm flung at Mary of England—brutal verses in spirit, cruelly refined in form:

Sum Marie, male grata patri, male grata marito:
Cœlo invisa, meæ pestis atrox patriæ.
Nulla aberat labes; nisi quod fuit addita custos
Fida pudicitiæ forma maligna meæ‖

Not all the epigrams are satirical. One shows us the poet gayly dining with bishops; another suggests that he was no more punctilious with his dinner engagements than he was with his correspondence:

Ad coenam sese dixit tuus affore vates.
Dixit: sed vates dicere falsa solent.**

Finally, a new variety of epigram appears—one at least unknown to Martial—"Valentiniana." These poems contain no comic valentines. A pleasing introductory poem explains the time-honored custom whereby every youth chose a maiden as his queen for the year. The poet is too old to bring the due present of a wreath; instead, he weaves verses in honor of his youthful queen. Here is one of his garlands:

Accipe quos fœtus tibi fertilis educat annus,
Flaminia o ævi flosque decusque tui;
Non capiti ornatum; neque enim splendescere pulcher
Externi cultus munere vultus eget:
Sed magis ut noscas, ubi ver aspexeris anni,
Quam cedant veri tempora verna tuo.*

One might extract from the epigrams a dazzling array of sarcasms, fine of point and flawless in execution. They are enough to give Buchanan a high position among writers of satire; it is in this field that his genius works most naturally. It is a pity that after his powers had matured he did not turn again to satire in the large. As it is, one wonders whether our English satirists of the seventeenth century may not reflect his influence to a greater extent than has been supposed.

Excellent epigram, dignified tragedy, Christian and Pagan feeling harmonized in a new lyric—would these have gained if Buchanan had phrased them in his vernacular? Some critics feel that his genius ran to waste in an alien and conventional form. None will deny that Latin brought him in his own day a European vogue which his own language would not have secured him. More than that, only Latin, as we have seen, could have made the point he intended in his versions of the Psalms. The same is nearly as true of his satires, large and small. His subtlest effects are often obtained by parody of ancient motives: for this, the innuendo of an ancient phrase, the lilt of a verse, are often indispensable. Only in the tragedies does his diction play him false. These, then, would have gained if they had appeared in Buchanan's vernacular—could he have mastered that vernacular as Milton mastered his. But for the rest, his choice was the better; and one who imagines that for a Scot of the sixteenth century Latin was inevitably a lifeless convention, will have cause to reform his notions about "dead languages" if he will let Buchanan show him.

E. K. Rand.

Cambridge, Mass.

*I know not, Posthumus, if thou hast gazed
Into Narcissus' spring.
But, Posthumus, I know that thou art crazed
With self-admiring.
He well might crave that heart for which before
Many full mad had gone.
Thou madder art, who dost thyself adore,
Sans rival, all alone.

†In vain, oh Zoilus, I speak thee well,
In vain thou slanderest me,
For none believeth what I tell,
And none believeth thee.

‡Here Silvius lies, who living never gave
A mite away.
His ghost is vexed that you who view his grave
Aren't asked to pay.

§I ruled the golden age, a monarch poor.
From fraud and force, from lawyers' strife secure.
But now when right to wealthy wrong is sold,
Fraud, force, and lawyers crush this age of gold.

¶A thousand lovers wooed me,
A thousand ships pursued me,
A thousand toiling bards won fame through me.
Ah, had my beauty flown me!
Ah, would that none had known me!
Woman's best praise is her obscurity.

‖Mary I am, a bane to spouse and sire.
Pest of my land, a mark for heaven's ire.
No stain I lacked, save that a guardian sure,
My ugliness, has kept my body pure.

**Your poet said that he would dine with you.
He did: but poet's words are seldom true.

*Take thou these first-fruits of the fecund year,
Flaminia, thou flower and glory of thy day.
Nor wreathe thy head; thy beauty shines so clear
No outer show can further tribute pay.
But I would have thee know, when spring is here,
How the year's Spring-time pales before thy May.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

In the sale at Hodgson & Co.'s, London, November 21, several unusual items of Americana will be offered. "A Plaine Pathway to Plantations," by Richard Eburne, "Printed by G. P. for John Marriot, 1624," is a small quarto of 66 leaves, written throughout in the form of a dialogue between "Respire, a Farmer," and "Enrubie, a Merchant," "with certaine motives for a present Plantation in New-foundland above the rest." There is no copy in the British Museum, and the only copy sold at auction in recent years is S. L. M. Barlow's, lacking six leaves, in 1890, which brought $10, an absurd price. Sabin evidently never saw a copy, as he gives the date 1684. Equally rare is Sir Robert Gordon's "Encouragements for such as shall have intention to be Undertakers in the new plantation of Cape Briton, now New Galloway in America, by Mee Lochinvar," Edinburgh, 1625. Sabin gives the date as 1620, with a second edition of 1624, but does not locate any copy of either edition. Both dates may be in error, for the reprint made by the Bannatyne Club in 1867 was of this 1625 edition. Sabin notes that a copy (date not given)

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went at the Gordonstoun sale in 1816 for £3. This, we may presume, was the author's own copy, as the Gordonstoun books were mainly the library of Sir Robert Gordon, gathered between 1610 and 1650. A copy of the 1625 edition in the Auchinleck sale, 1893, brought £76. No one of the great American collections dispersed at auction seems to have had it. Other rare Americana are Smith's "Map of Virginia," 1612, lacking the last leaf and also the map; "Virginia Richly Valued by the description of the maine-land of Florida," 1609, translated by Richard Hakluyt; John Eliot's "Brief Narrative of the Progress of the Gospel amongst the Indians in New England," 1671, the eleventh and last of the series of tracts known as the Progress of the Gospel series; Budd's "Good Order Established in Pennsylvania & New Jersey," 1685, believed to have been printed in Philadelphia, and, after Atkin's Almanac for 1685, the first book printed by William Bradford; and an uncut copy of the famous "Journal of Proceedings in the Detection of the Conspiracy formed . . . for Burning the City of New York," 1741, by Daniel Horsmanden, a book generally known as the "Negro Plot." In the same sale are a number of scarce books in other departments, among which may be noted Herrick's "Hesperides," first edition, 1648; Gray's "Elegy," first edition, 1750; Fielding's "Tom Jones," a remarkable copy of the first edition, 1749, in the original boards, uncut; Pope's "Essay on Man," first editions of the four parts; Goldsmith's "Good-Natured Man," 1768, and "Deserted Village," 1770, first editions; and Keats's "Endymion," 1818, with the one-line erratum.

On November 12 and 13, Stan. V. Henkels sells at Davis & Harvey's rooms, in Philadelphia, one of the most important collections of American autographs offered at auction in recent years, that of the late Joshua I. Cohen of Baltimore. Dr. Cohen was contemporary with Sprague, Cist, Bushnell, and Gilmore, whose collections were long ago dispersed. Mr. Henkels's catalogue is elaborate, as usual with his important sales, with lengthy quotations from important letters and numerous facsimiles. There are seven fine A.L.S. of Washington, besides three L.S. and several other documents, including ticket No. 380 in the Mountain Road Lottery, signed by Washington. There is an exceedingly interesting letter of Martha Washington and an unusual series of letters of a number of members of the Washington and Custis families. The set of Signers of the Declaration of Independence is complete, and many names are in duplicate or triplicate. The Lynch, the rarest name, is a full signature "Thomas Lynch," and is accompanied by an attestation of genuineness by J. K. Tefft, dated Savannah, April 10, 1840. The Gwinnett specimen is part of a D.S., 2 pages folio, dated 1776. Samuel Adams, Carter Braxton, Samuel Chase, Abraham Clark, Franklin, Hancock, Francis Lightfoot Lee, Lewis Morris, Thomas Nelson, John Penn, Matthew Thornton, and several others are represented by fine A.L.S. The series of letters of officers in the Revolutionary War includes practically all of the prominent generals. There are autographs of the Presidents and their cabinets, from Washington to Lincoln, and officers in the navy. A miscellaneous section includes fine specimens of Alexander Hamilton and Daniel Boone (extremely rare), several colonial governors, James Rivington, the Tory printer, etc.

On November 12 and 13 Messrs. C. F. Libbie & Co., Boston, sell the collection of Americana formed by the late W. P. Robinson of Washington. It is mainly State and town histories and genealogies. Some important sets are included, such as the *Genealogical Register*, 60 vols., a complete set; Savage's "Genealogical Dictionary," 4 vols.; the Jesuit Relations, 73 vols.; and the Historical Collections of the Essex Institute, 41 vols., a complete set to date. Among the rarer State histories are Proud's "Pennsylvania," Burk's "Virginia," Martin's "North Carolina," and Hutchinson's "Massachusetts-Bay." There are also a few good Western books, such as Imlay's "Topographical Description," third and best edition, 1797; Mrs. Kinzie's "Wau Bun," 1856; Pritt's "Olden Times Border Life," 1849; Kercheval's "Valley of Virgina," 1833; Schoolcraft's "Expedition to Itasca Lake," 1834, and his "Tour into the Interior of Missouri and Arkansaw," 1821.

On November 12, 13, and 14 the Merwin Clayton Sales Company of this city offers the library of a New York collector, including books on the Civil War (a number of Confederate imprints), Indians, Mexico, and slavery. More than 300 lots are catalogued as Lincolniana, the interest in which among collectors is certainly on the increase.

W. M. Voynich, the Polish bookseller in London, has issued a remarkable catalogue of 520 lots, books of the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries not to be found in the British Museum.

The stock and goodwill of the late Pietro Franceschini, archæologist and bookseller, has been bought by Mr. Voynich of London, who will probably continue the business in its present quarters in the Palazzo Borghese, Florence. Franceschini was more of a scholar and antiquary than a bibliophile and man of affairs. Even before his death the million volumes and pamphlets he had accumulated had fallen into disorder. There are roomfuls of volumes literally dumped upon the floors. The gradual exploration of such storerooms reveals many editions of the sixteenth century. The other day an assistant who was shovelling an entrance into such a deposit turned up within a few minutes a first edition of Lamb and one of Keats. But about these matters we shall be fully informed as Mr. Voynich issues his catalogues.

The Grolier Club of this city is holding from November 7 to 30 an exhibition of ornamental leather bindings, executed in America before 1850.

Correspondence.

UNDERDONE INSTRUCTION IN ENGLISH

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Referring to the interesting communications on "Overdone Instruction in English" in your issues of September 19 and October 3, it would seem to a layman that the regrettable confusion there indicated as prevailing in the schools relative to "teaching literature" arises from a fundamental error underlying all efforts to teach literature as such—the error, namely, of assuming that there is a collection or body of writings denoted by the word "literature" which constitutes a distinct entity capable of being made the subject of a systematic course of teaching or study.

A course of study must have some unity of purpose and a corresponding unity of subject matter. In none of its several senses does the word "literature" denote anything possessing such unity. In its general sense, it describes a body of writings which are as varied and multifarious as life itself, and which have no ground of unity except the history or the genius of the people producing them—a unity too remote to be grasped by the average undergraduate. And even in its most restricted sense the writings which it includes are of the most diverse character. This fact is strikingly, though unconsciously, illustrated by your correspondent, when he mentions in the same breath Bacon's Essays and Matthew Arnold's "Forsaken Merman," as component parts of this study of literature. True, both of these writings are literature, and of a high order; and each is worthy of careful study, but for purposes so different that there is no propriety in placing them in the same course. They have nothing in common except artistic excellence—a quality which might afford ground for a study of literary art, but not for the study of literature. For purposes of study as literature they are about as incongruous as would be Locke's "Essay on Human Understanding" and Tennyson's "Lotus Eaters." The association of such incongruous writings shows the aimlessness and confusion of the teaching of literature there referred to. Any course based upon such material, although it may accomplish some good, must necessarily be a sort of haphazard wool-gathering, consuming time and effort which might be better employed in aiming at something definite.

And this confusion is frequently worse confounded by a failure to distinguish clearly between the teaching of literature and the teaching of language; and to keep them separate. It is true that they are closly allied, and at many points shade into each other; but they are essentially distinct, and each suffers when made to share the attention of the student with the other. For example, the spirit of the "Forsaken Merman" would be but feebly apprehended by one who was giving his attention to the prosody or syntax of the poem, or the etymology of its words. His appreciation of it would be similar to that which would be given to a song by one who, while listening, was pondering on the laws of acoustics, and the number of sound vibrations required to produce the various notes.

This kind of teaching of English, which your correspondents call "overdone," I have ventured to call "underdone." It is both—it is overdone as regards quantity of material gone over; underdone, *i. e.*, crude and ineffectual, as regards quality of work and intellectual assimilation. A partial remedy might be found in a better classification of material and the framing of distinct courses for the various classes of writings. Then, too, a prominent place should be given to memorizing—

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a practice which seems to have become almost obsolete.

That at least some acquaintance with the best works in literature can and ought to be acquired as a part of every liberal education is undeniable; but when, and where, and how, are questions upon which we are as yet badly at sea; and are likely to remain so until there is an effective cleaning up of our ideas in relation to our educational views and methods in general. The confusion here adverted to is but typical of a like confusion which now prevails in our educational work as a whole. We have, either for good or ill, forsaken the ancient landmarks, and have not as yet established new ones.

The cause of this general confusion in relation to our educational aims and ideals may be expressed in the one word, "popularization." In accordance with the genius of our institutions, we have educated the masses to an extent hitherto unknown; but, in order to do this, have found it necessary to popularize our educational aims and methods; *i. e.*, to bring them down to the masses instead of bringing the masses up to them. In doing this we have both gained and lost—gained in the spread of general intelligence, and lost in the deterioration of standards and of the higher educational work. Perhaps the gain exceeds the loss; but be that as it may, it is to the latter that we owe the evil which we are now considering. And as long as these conditions prevail, and the school and college curriculum is determined, not by the judgment of the most competent as to what education ought to be, but by the demands of uninstructed popular preference, so long must we expect to have educational work "overdone" and "underdone," and done in all sorts of ways.

HERBERT L. BAKER.

Detroit, October 24.

READING FOR CHILDREN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It may not be possible to set forth in a brief letter anything that can add much to the recent suggestions in these columns regarding the betterment of secondary school work in English. But a few further words may be given to the question why teacher and pupil alike find the English part of the school course unsatisfactory.

For one thing, children are taught to read far too early. A child who has not been allowed to learn to read until he has reached the age of seven or eight years may find the learning process a highly pleasurable one, especially when he begins to realize that he is acquiring the key to the mastery of delightful books without number. The writer has known such a child—far from precocious—who read some of Shakespeare's plays aloud well and entertainingly within a year of the time when he first began to make out printed or written words. Beginning his acquaintance with literature in this spirit, the child is likely to carry a love for reading up to and through his college years. On the other hand, instruction in reading given to children too young to understand, far too often results in a distaste for every printed page as taskwork.

Another grave hindrance to any such liking for real literature as would of itself during school years lead to a fair acquaintance with some of the best books is the habit of devouring indiscriminately newspapers and magazines. It is futile to expect young people brought up on scare heads and illustrated serial stories to enjoy even Scott, while Jane Austen must to such seared palates as theirs seem the veriest sawdust. It is not easy to suggest an adequate remedy for the habit of reading periodical trash, but if the homes were kept measurably free from it, the children would in many cases not be at the trouble and expense of buying it for themselves. Anything which makes real literature easier of access than rubbish is a help toward imparting the much-to-be-desired taste for good books. It would go a long way toward securing this appetite for the best if cities in general would follow the example of Cleveland and establish branches of the public library, with many books accessible on open shelves, in the high school building.

But it must be remembered that no freedom of access to the best literature will be of use unless there is leisure for reading. It is not in the class room but at home that the boy or girl must sit down quietly face to face with the author. This is impossible under the conditions that too often obtain in cities to-day, when the pupil is a member of school societies and a constant attendant at school and other parties. Hardly anywhere is our mischievous fashion of entrusting social responsibilities to beaux and belles of sixteen (so much ridiculed by our European neighbors) more disastrous than in depriving young people during their most important formative period of the time for reflecting and maturing.

Finally, the teacher of English, even more than teachers in general, needs to be capable of talking the subject into the class. In a Missouri high school, a good many years ago, there was one notably bad boy. His dislike for discipline went so far as to lead him to spend whole days in a tree top rather than obey orders. This boy, coming into the English classroom to copy matter from the blackboard, chanced to hear the teacher reading from Tennyson's "Guinevere." Instead of copying he listened and at the end of the hour petitioned to be allowed to attend the English recitations as an extra subject. This power to vivify the text, so as to make it appeal to dormant intelligences will make a success of literature teaching even in the most poorly equipped of schools.

J. Y. BERGEN.

Cambridge, Mass., October 26.

THE PRINCETON QUADRANGLE PLAN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the *Nation* of October 24, speaking of President Wilson's quadrangle plan, you say, "It must be confessed that the college world has not been in the habit of thinking of Princeton as an experiment station" (p. 365). May I be allowed to point out that a plan similar to the one in question has at different times exercised the authorities at Princeton for nearly ninety years? In 1895 Prof. W. M. Sloane wrote:

To preserve that precious collegiate life which once characterized all institutions of the higher learning in the United States, and which still survives in perfect development in Princeton, there must be new and larger dormitories, or, better still, hostels or inns or colleges, whatever they should be called, which would attract to their walls men of similar tastes and standing, and under the careful supervision of the university give their inmates food as well as lodging. ("Four American Universities," p. 108.)

It is interesting to note that as early as 1818 a committee was appointed at Princeton "to consider of measures for extending the college establishment and to print a report on that subject." The report was considered by the board of trustees in November of that year, and the following was the result of their deliberations:

Resolved, (1) That an additional edifice is wanted.

Resolved, (2) That the board will as soon as possible proceed to the erection of an additional edifice.

Resolved, (3) That it be a distinct and separate edifice.

Resolved, (4) That the new edifice, when erected, shall be placed under the government of a different faculty, as soon as the number of students shall render it expedient. (J. Maclean's "History of the College of New Jersey," vol. ii., 177-179.)

Resolutions, designed to encourage liberal subscriptions to the contemplated improvements, were then adopted, and an application for aid was made to the State of New Jersey. The latter was refused, the effort to obtain funds failed, and in a few months the whole scheme was abandoned. In 1877 President Maclean wrote:

As the proposed plan did not succeed, and as it is highly probable, if not morally certain, that no attempt will be made by the college authorities to revive the scheme of having under one board of trustees a collection of colleges, with separate faculties, it is not worth while to discuss the wisdom or expediency of such a plan.

ALBERT MATTHEWS.

Boston, October 31.

Notes.

John Lane Company has ready for publication the following books: "Napoleon and the Invasion of England," by W. B. F. Wheeler and A. M. Broadley, in two volumes, with color prints and reproductions of contemporary caricatures, broadsides, songs, etc.; "Pictures from the Balkans," by John Foster Fraser, with illustrations in color and a map; "Beauty and the Beast," a translation by Ernest Dowson of the unabridged French fairy story, with four full-page illustrations in color by Charles Condor; a new edition of "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland," with illustrations, many in full-page color plates, by W. H. Walker; "Champions of the Fleet," by Edward Fraser.

It is good news to hear that the translation of Nietzsche, which had progressed through four volumes and then apparently been dropped, is to be completed. The Macmillan Company is now publishing the fifth volume containing "Beyond Good and Evil." The same house is to publish, beginning with January, the new quarterly *Harvard Theological Review*, edited by the faculty of the Harward Divinity School.

The second volume of Prof. J. Mark Baldwin's "Thoughts and Things, or Genetic

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Logic," will be published by the Macmillan Co. next month.

The John C. Winston Company issues the first volume of "Great American Lawyers," edited by William Draper Lewis, dean of the law department of the University of Pennsylvania. This work, which is to be completed in eight volumes and sold only by subscription, will contain the lives of ninety-six deceased lawyers who have been famous as scholars or practitioners. The individual biographies run to about 11,000 words each.

T. Fisher Unwin is publishing a selection of the poems of Carducci, translated by Mrs. Francis Holland, a daughter of the late Sir Spencer Walpole. The Italian and the English are printed on opposite pages.

Besides writing his autobiography Herbert Spencer provided by his will that his "Life and Letters," in "one volume of moderate size," should be compiled by his friend Dr. Duncan. This work is now to be published. It avoids repeating the material of the "Autobiography," which extends only to 1882 and thus scarcely touches Herbert Spencer's battle with the Socialists. The new work is rich in letters, and contains, in an appendix, "The Filiation of Ideas," written by Spencer in 1898-9 as a history of his intellectual development.

The November *Atlantic* is the fiftieth anniversary number, an occasion of pride for publishers and editors. Two of the former editors are still living—William Dean Howells, from 1871 to 1881, and Walter Page, from 1897 to 1899—and both are contributors to the present issue. Prof. C. E. Norton, who was in Europe when the magazine was started, tells an amusing story of losing a trunk full of MSS. (and other things) which he had procured in London for Lowell, and which disappeared mysteriously from the New York wharf. The trunk was never found, but Professor Norton confesses that the *Atlantic* did not suffer from the loss of the British contributions. There are other papers in this issue commemorating the old days of the magazine, and giving a survey of the changes in literature, science, art, and politics during the past fifty years. It opens with a hitherto unprinted poem of Lowell's, which was written in September or October of 1857, and sent to Professor Norton. We can think of no better vow for American letters at the present moment than that the *Atlantic* should continue for another fifty years to maintain its level of solitary excellence, and to thrive.

The sixteenth edition of Baedeker's "Paris and Its Environs" is just out, imported by Charles Scribner's Sons. This edition contains thirty-eight plans and fourteen maps—one more map than the fifteenth edition, 1904.

Thomas B. Mosher of Portland, Me., has added to his dainty Old World Series four new volumes. The first contains Walter Pater's unfinished romance, "Gaston de Latour"; the second, a collection of graceful and fanciful stories by Oscar Wilde, "The Happy Prince," "The Nightingale and the Rose," "The Selfish Giant," "The Devoted Friend," and "The Remarkable Locket"; the third, "The Hour of Beauty," songs and poems by "Fiona Macleod" (William Sharp); and the fourth, poems by Andrew Lang, including "Ballads in Blue China," "Verses Vain," "Sonnets," three "Letters to Dead Authors," and "Rhymes Old and New." Among the sonnets are those on Homer, perhaps the high-water mark of Lang's writing, either in prose or verse. The reading of this little book recalls those days, twenty-five years ago, when Lang was hailed as one of the coming poets, and provokes the vain regret that he did not more strictly cultivate the thankless muse.

"The Parish Clerk," by P. H. Ditchfield, may be commended as a work of curious erudition and as a storehouse of capital anecdotes. To those, also, who are directly or indirectly interested in the disappearance of one of the ancient customs of Britain, its humor will lie close to pathos. The office of parish clerk can be traced back to the time of King Ethelbert, when Gregory the Great wrote to St. Augustine of Canterbury a letter of regulations for the marriage and mode of life of clerks. It survived the Reformation, and was one of the threads of tradition not broken by the Puritan dominion. It is at last passing away under modern conditions, leaving a memory of habits and characters racy of the soil. We cannot convey an appreciation of the book without large quotation from its treasure of stories, and these can be better enjoyed in their context than in isolation. (Published by E. P. Dutton & Co.)

"The History of the University of North Carolina," by Kemp P. Battle, is published by The Edwards & Broughton Printing Company of Raleigh. In addition to the interest it has for the alumni of one of the South's largest institutions of learning, Dr. Battle's history will prove both entertaining and instructive to any student of the country's educational growth. Only the first volume has been issued, covering the time from the foundation of the university, in 1795, to its temporary closing in 1868. With great industry the author has collected anecdotes, statistics, and items about collegiate training in America since the days just after the Revolution. While there is included, of course, a vast quantity of information regarding North Carolina and the university town of Chapel Hill, every chapter contains historical sidelights of more or less general interest. It is a curious fact, for instance, that in the beginnings of a college now ranking among the best in the South, there was an announcement of such a curriculum as the following:

For Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, and Bookkeeping, $8 per annum.
For Latin, Greek, French, English Grammar, Geography, History, and Belles Lettres, $12.50 per annum.
Geometry with practical branches, Astronomy, Natural Philosophy, Moral Philosophy, Chemistry, and the principles of Agriculture, $15.00 per annum.

The president of the university in those early days was called "Professor of Humanity," and his salary was $300 a year and two-thirds of the tuition money. In the personal reminiscences the author is at his best. No other man in his State, or in the South perhaps, has so great a store of reminiscences at his call. He was formerly president of the university, besides figuring in North Carolina politics, and more recently he has occupied the chair dealing with the State's history, spending the most of his time, however, at the task of compiling his book. The completed two volumes will comprise something more than 2,000 pages. Of its comprehensiveness nothing more need be said. Dr. Battle has not left out anything—a fact which undoubtedly will be as much a cause of satisfaction to the North Carolina graduate as an impediment to the stranger searching for the important amidst a mass of detail.

Among the numerous handbooks devoted to the history and monuments of the two great English universities, J. W. Clark's "Cambridge" (J. B. Lippincott Co.) easily holds the first place. As Registrar of the University he has long had peculiar opportunities of tracing the growth of the individual foundations and the gradual acquisition by the colleges of the river banks that were once closely built streets and wharves in the hands of the jealous and hostile town. It is unfortunate that in this new edition of his work Mr. Clark neglects the chance of adding some information about twentieth-century Cambridge, and is still content with a picture of the wine-parties and offish dons of sixty years since. In his story of the masters of Trinity he stops short at Whewell, and ignores all the important changes due to the new buildings of the last two decades. The Cavendish Laboratory and all that its presence means to Cambridge has no interest for the antiquarian Mr. Clark. In a volume that is dated 1908 and proclaims itself a new edition, one would expect to find some revision of references. By "the present century" Mr. Clark still means the nineteenth, so that a generation hence his readers will be misled into supposing that in the first decade of the twentieth century the University dined at four o'clock. The illustrations, 46 in all, are mainly woodcuts from drawings by Toussaint and Debaines, and are pleasing enough.

The American pilgrim who visits the hackneyed shrines of literature and history that abound in the English counties is not apt to linger on his round. Few, however, have surpassed in speed and copiousness the record of Miss Katharine Lee Bates. Her "From Gretna Green to Land's End" (T. Y. Crowell & Co.) describes a literary scamper that leaves only the eastern counties untouched. As she hurls herself through the length and breadth of England, easily making two moves to any other pilgrim's one, she pours out a lively stream of fact and comment that keeps the reader amused and only too well instructed. The information, literary and historical, is thoroughly got up; and the American reader for whom the book was written need not resent the superficiality of the travelling, since it is not so much to the England of to-day that Miss Bates hurries his attention, as to those literary, legendary, and pathetic associations with which, by some more leisurely method, she has made herself at home. The book has an attractive appearance, and the illustrations are from good photographs.

Gherardi Davis has privately printed in a limited edition a study of "Regimental Colors in the War of the Revolution," illustrated by thirty-four plates, two of which are in colors. The illustrations, which are admirable, would alone make this volume of value, and the judicious notes and descriptions prove the wide and individual research of the author. He describes the British, French, and Hessian colors as well as those

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of the States; and the result adds one more item to the long list of opportunities neglected by the national government. Many colors and standards were captured in the Revolution, and if preserved would have made an interesting exhibit. As early as 1814 only six were in the War Department, although it was well known that twenty-four had been taken at Yorktown alone. To-day five represent the total holding, but enough interest now exists to assure the preservation of this remnant. Other material was found in historical societies and in private possession; but when all flags were listed they made a meagre showing. It would be impossible to summarize the facts presented by Mr. Davis, but he proves that the use of the United States flag was not "regulation" as late as 1779, and that while the stars and stripes were used at sea, they were not in all probability used by the army. He thus accounts for the fact that no regimental stars and stripes of the period of the Revolution now exist. The volume offers a wholesome corrective to many accepted traditions, and will constitute a lasting record of the small number of widely scattered flags of that period now to be found.

In the four lectures published under the title "The Higher Ministries of Recent English Poetry" (Fleming H. Revell Co.), Dr. Frank W. Gunsaulus discusses in general the religious sentiments of the principal Victorian poets. Three of his chapters are given specially to Matthew Arnold, Tennyson, and Browning. The style is rather discursive and there is some "fine writing" which is suggestive of the preacher rather than of the literary interpreter and critic. Perhaps the most interesting part of the book is that which treats of Shelley, and it is remarkable that a clergyman should read with such an impartial mind the writings of the most pronounced atheist of modern times. For in Shelley's poetry Dr. Gunsaulus discovers a real religious element. Recognizing the pessimism which pervades the poet's works, Dr. Gunsaulus says:

> Shelley is the poet of the unsatisfied. No twentieth century, however weary she may be of doubt and analysis, can ever go back to the eighteenth, and avoid the protest of this clear-eyed soul—a soul who abides at the gateway, the type of the yearning spirit pouring forth his lofty expectations in exquisite rhythm, uttering his pathetic scorn with sweetest music, the very incarnation of the restless heart and thirsty soul which, with heated forehead, utters the cry of the human.

Yet while there is an appreciation of the genius of the poets about whom the author writes, there is also in every lecture a certain amount of bathos and sloppy extravagance.

The Rev. John Henry Burn, a Scotch Anglican, has made a good compilation of religious lyrics on the plan of the Church year. The volume is entitled "The Churchman's Treasury of Song" (New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.). Mr. Burn presupposes some capacity of poetical appreciation, and his selections are of good quality and taste. Anglican writers naturally predominate, although Watts, Anne Steele, Sears, and others from non-liturgical churches are represented. In the large number of poems, one for every day in the year and often several for special days, there are seventeen by Isaac Williams, fourteen by George Taylor Farquhar, thirteen by Lord Kinloch, ten each by George Herbert and Horatius Bonar, and seven from Tennyson, mostly stanzas from "In Memoriam." Mr. Burn has done well to include Clough's pathetic "O Only Source of All Our Light and Life." None of the poems of Addison are included, or any of the translations of John Mason Neale. Miss Borthwick is credited with "Jesus, Still Lead on," without note that the hymn is a translation of Zinzendorf's "Jesu, geh' voran." The poems are usually well adapted to the days to which they are assigned.

The interrogatory title of Franz Spemann's book, "Landeskirche oder religiöse Freiheit?" (Berlin: Hermann Walter), implies that a "State-church" is incompatible with "religious freedom" and asks the reader to choose between these mighty opposites. The fact that the author is not a free-thinker, but a strictly orthodox theologian and vicar of the Protestant church, adds additional interest to his work and makes it a significant sign of the times. It is evident that his views concerning an established church are shared by many of the German clergy, although they have not the courage to follow his example and enforce their convictions by taking off their clerical robes and renouncing all the social and pecuniary advantages of their position as "officials of religion."

That the idea of the separation of church and state is proving contagious also in the academic circle of Germany appears from the recent pro-rectorial address of Prof. Ernst Troeltsch of the theological faculty of the University of Heidelberg, published as a booklet of seventy-nine pages, entitled "Die Trennung von Staat und Kirche, der staatliche Religionsunterricht und die theologischen Fakultäten" (Tübingen: Mohr). Troeltsch, while declaring that the present relation of state and church in Germany in general and also in reference to religious instruction in schools and to the management of the theological faculties, is fairly tolerable, yet thinks that at bottom it is "eine tiefe innere Unwahrheit." He believes that church and state will probably never be able to adjust their relations except by a peaceful separation. From this point of view he outlines a scheme of the influence which, even in case this is done, the state is to exert over the religious instruction in the public school and over the appointment of theological professors. There are many persons in Germany that demand the abolition of the theological faculties as a part of the universities, chiefly for the reason that theology is not and cannot be pure scientific research.

Prof. Otto Pfleiderer of the University of Berlin has rounded out his discussion of the origins of Christianity by the publication of "Die Entwicklung des Christentums" (Munich: J. F. Lehmann). He began the discussion in his lectures of 1904-1905, later published in his "Entstehung des Christentums." This work also appeared in English, and was followed a year later by his lectures, "Religion und Religionen." The new volume—the third—covers substantially, though more fully, the ground of the second part of Harnack's "Essence of Christianity," and, like Harnack's "Evangelium in der Geschichte," follows out the development of Christianity to the Reformation, and also after that period. Pfleiderer's position is in general more radical than that of Harnack and the school of Ritschl; he denies the claim that in Christ there has appeared a perfect revelation of God or that such a revelation has been recorded in the Gospels. He accordingly will not recognize in the history of the Church, after the manner of Protestantism in general, a steady decay and decadence from the original ideals of Christianity, but he finds that in some respects these ideals find their expression in every period of the history of the Church.

Among the annuals published by the Germans none is more deservedly popular than the Neue Christoterpe (Halle: Müllers Verlagsbuchhandlung). The issue for 1908 has been edited by Adolf Bartels and Otto H. Frommel, although it still bears on its title-page the honored names of the founders of the series, Rudolf Koegel, Emil Frommel, and Wilhelm Baur. The contents are varied—story, description, history, poetry, and the like, all written from the standpoint of evangelical Christianity. Its more youthful rival is a similar collection called Aus Höhen und Tiefen, which is also richly illustrated and now appears in its eleventh year, edited by Dr. Karl Kinzel and Ernst Meinke and published by Emil Richter, of Berlin. The former volume costs 4 marks and the latter 4.50.

"Die eiserne Zeit vor hundert Jahren," by Richard Knötel (New York: G. E. Stechert & Co.) is a beautifully illustrated volume which deals with the Napoleonic era between 1806 and 1813, particularly in reference to Germany. The thirty full-page pictures in colors are designed to give as many *Heimatbilder* of German days of stormy trial and ultimate elevation. There are glimpses of the merchants returning from the Leipzig fair and bringing the terrible news of Jena and Auerstadt, of the German Paul Revere's rattling over the cobbles of terrified villages, of the brave Frau von Bonin giving safe escort on horseback to a royal chest of treasure, of the rough-handed conduct of French soldiery while quartering themselves in devout peasants' homes, of the quick drilling of the same clumsy and immobile farmer folk, and the march of the great army to Russia. These vivid pictures not only remind the student of the awful pathway trodden by the Germans in their upward struggle to their present liberty and power, but attest anew the superiority of their modern art over ours, at least in depicting the human figure in motion. The volume is tastefully ornamented with gold and color cover-stamps, inside cover illustrations, and various tailpieces.

During the past season the committee on American archæology of the Archæological Institute of America offered properly qualified students the privilege of joining the field expeditions of the Institute in Colorado, Utah, and New Mexico. A number of students availed themselves of the opportunity to participate in the practical work of exploring, mapping, and excavating ruins in the San Juan, and Rio Grande basins. These expeditions closed October 1. Through the courtesy of the secretary of the Smithsonian Institution the committee is authorized to announce that the government

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excavations at Casa Grande, in the Gila Valley, Arizona, resume this month under the direction of Dr. J. Walter Fewkes, to continue during the autumn and winter, and that students may arrange through the Archæological Institute to participate in the work at this site. Students desiring to avail themselves of this opportunity should correspond with Edgar L. Hewett, Director of American Archæology of the Archæological Institute of America, No. 1333 F Street, Washington, D. C.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S LETTERS.

The Letters of Queen Victoria: A Selection from Her Majesty's Correspondence between the years 1837 and 1861. Edited by Arthur Christopher Benson and Viscount Esher; illustrated. 3 vols. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $15 net.

On the personal side, these letters add little to our knowledge of the Queen's character. That had already been revealed and understood fully. Here we get only cumulative evidence of her kindness, her purity, and of the essential commonplaceness of her mind. She comprehended and satisfied the middle classes of Britain so perfectly because she was practically one of them. Her tastes and standards in art and literature and statesmanship were middle class. Intellectually, former writings of hers had displayed her limitations. Her Highland Journals would prepare one for the worst. The letters to Tennyson, included in the latter's biography, showed her literary obtuseness. But she at least knew her own failings in this respect. A memorandum by Prince Albert's private secretary in 1841 reads:

> Lord Melbourne said: "The Prince is bored with the sameness of his chess every evening. He would like to bring literary and scientific people about the Court, vary the society, and infuse a more useful tendency into it. The Queen, however, has no fancy to encourage such people. This arises from a feeling on her part that her education has not fitted her to take part in such conversation; she would not like conversation to be going on in which she could not take her fair share, and she is far too open and candid in her nature to pretend to one atom more knowledge than she really possesses on such subjects."

The Queen's private letters, of which the most numerous, intimate, and unguarded here printed were to King Leopold of Belgium, are very much what one would expect. They are warm-hearted, often to the point of gushing, but with a narrow range of interest, and without any literary or personal distinction. Take this specimen, written in 1844, when Prince Albert's father died:

> A father is *such* a *near* relation, you are a *piece* of him, in fact—and all (as my poor *deeply afflicted* Angel says) the earliest pleasures of your life were given you by a dear father; that can *never be replaced* though time may soften the pang.

A carefully educated woman of twenty-five who could write like that was evidently *capable de tout.*

It is, accordingly, the public aspect of the Queen which alone can give much interest to these volumes of her letters. One notes immediately a striking difference between her personal and her official correspondence. It goes deeper than a contrast of style, and reaches the whole habit of thought. This is doubtless to be explained by the fact that her more important communications to her Ministers, Viceroys, and Governors were written for her by Baron Stockmar or Prince Albert. The extraordinary influence of the former upon the Queen is explicitly avowed by the editors. It was one of the causes of the popular murmuring, early in Victoria's reign, over the too great predominance of German interests at Court. Stockmar was practically her private secretary, though Melbourne publicly denied it, and acted for a long time as a sort of political director to her. He brought with him a Prussian view of the monarchy too high for English consumption. But he impressed it upon the young Queen, and it led her into some of her first collisions with her Ministers. Prince Albert continued the same tradition to a certain extent, but he had a good head for politics, and soon became of the greatest value as an adviser of the Queen, and made himself, as these volumes bear fresh witness, a figure of real importance in the political world of England. It is plain that the Prince and the Baron, between them, had a great deal to do with shaping the Queen's ideas of her rights and duties.

Victoria was fortunate in her first prime minister. Lord Melbourne was a man of the world, cynical and sagacious, though not a first-class politician, but he acted from the beginning upon a very chivalrous conception of his relations to the young Queen. His attitude was a happy mingling of protection and deference. He led her wisely along the untried path of her royal duties, and gave her a personal affection which she returned. She showed him every confidence—indeed, leaned upon his advice, even after he had left office, a little too constantly for the peace of mind of Sir Robert Peel, who had become her Constitutional adviser. Some of the intimacies thrust by the Queen into her formal third-person letters to Melbourne, are amusing. Thus we find the ex-premier gravely writing, in 1841: "Lord Melbourne is very glad to hear of the princess's tooth." Victoria's stiff notions of propriety sometimes vexed Melbourne. When she insisted that no one, political obligations or not, should be appointed to the Household upon whom the slightest breath of scandal rested, Lord Melbourne groaned, as we find stated in a memorandum by Prince Albert, "that d——d morality will undo us all."

The Queen felt deeply at first the contrast between Melbourne and Peel. The latter, she wrote Melbourne, she found "such a cold, odd man she can't make out what he means." Later, however, she came to have a due respect for Peel's abilities and to appreciate his eminent services. It was from the irrepressible Palmerston that she had her worst trials—until Gladstone came. Palmerston would not flatter her; he would contradict and correct her; he even disobeyed her. This became so flagrant that he had to give up the Foreign Office. She made no secret of her distrust of him, and reflected with some satisfaction in 1850 that he was "too old to do much in the future." Palmerston was then sixty-five, but had still fifteen years ahead of him, several of them as Victoria's prime minister! Of Disraeli, all the Queen's first impressions were unpleasant. There are hostile and even contemptuous references to him. No one could guess from anything in these letters that he was to become chief favorite among all her prime ministers. To Cobden, she did not take a fancy. Peel's praise of him in 1846 "shocked" her, and she objected when it was proposed to make him a member of the Cabinet in 1847. In 1859, Palmerston suggested that John Bright be made a Privy Councillor. The Queen was "sorry not to be able to give her assent." "It would be impossible to allege any service Mr. Bright has rendered, and if the honor were looked upon as a reward for his systematic attacks upon the institutions of the country, a very erroneous impression might be produced as to the feeling which the Queen or her Government entertains towards these institutions." It is only fair to add that, later, Mr. Bright was welcomed at Windsor, not only as a Minister, but as a good friend. Queen Victoria, in her long life, underwent many such sea changes.

If her personal likes and dislikes fluctuated, her political convictions remained steady. She had no sympathy whatever with the democratic movement of her day. Class privileges (with class duties, of course) were among the fixed things in her mind, and she dreaded everything that looked like what she called "violence." When the Ministerial Reform bill was pending in 1852, she wrote to Russell: "The Queen takes it for granted that the Bill as approved by her will be stood by in Parliament, that Lord John will not allow himself to be drawn on to further concessions to democracy in the course of the debate, and that the introduction of the ballot will be vigorously opposed by the Government." A part of her enmity to Palmerston was due to the fact that she did not understand and did not like his connection with the liberating forces at work on the Continent and in England. To royalty as such she was always wondrous kind. Even her personal scruples had to give way a little when it was a question of moral lapses by a King.

The political interest of these volumes is rather of the minor order. There is a great deal about the rise and fall of Ministries and the ups and downs of parties; we are let into the intrigues of politicians; get some useful addenda to Greville's gossip, by way either of confirmation or correction. Even in foreign relations, however, which the Queen followed with assiduous interest, and in which the English monarch has still the greatest residuum of power, there are no revelations of high importance. We see the Queen petulant over the Spanish Marriages; we see her through the Crimean war absolutely certain that England was *not* laying her money on the wrong horse; we have from her pen an estimate of the character and ambitions of Louis Napoleon. Nothing of all this, however, is either very novel or very weighty. The letters stop with 1861. What the Queen was and did in the crisis of our civil war; what part she played at the time of the struggle between France and Germany; her rôle in the famous emergency of 1875, when Bismarck and Moltke thought of striking again—for this we have yet to wait. When the later records are given to the light, the political reputation of the Queen as a ruler may stand higher than it is left by these volumes.

We would not convey the impression that they are dull or disappointing. With many

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arid tracts, they contain much that is entertaining. Melbourne, Peel, Russell, and Palmerston write interestingly. Disraeli's reports of the proceedings in the House read, as the Queen remarked, "like his novels." This is an anticipation of Mr. Balfour's description of Lord Beaconsfield's conversation—"a brazen mask, talking his own novels."

CURRENT FICTION.

The New Religion. By Maarten Maartens. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

"The old medication," cries the chief apostle of "the new religion," "is forgotten: hygiene, as a persistent occupation, is the medicine of the future! The coming age is going to think of and live for its body." This is not the first time Mr. Maartens has made merry at the expense of the medical profession; his merriment here is distinctly forced. The story is a queer hodge-podge of satire and sentiment, garrulous in manner, and often merely facetious in tone; an over-prolonged sniff at doctors and doctoring. Whether honest men or not, his physicians are invariably wrong in diagnosis and foolish in treatment. In short, most modern ills are to be traced to "the impassive Æsculapius, the fitful ruler of our fates. There is no ruiner of modern lives such as he." Even surgeons, it seems (we had supposed there was something in surgery), are chiefly occupied in cutting off perfectly good legs and in sewing up forceps and things inside their innocent victims. The gist of the whole matter would seem to be that physicians are either knaves or fools; mainly knaves.

Upon this cheerful theme, in the course of his rambling narrative, Mr. Maartens plays many groaning or strident variations. Everything turns upon the relation between physician and patient, the consequence being that his characters become mere exhibits. An odd thing is that several of them are sufficiently alive to impress one as worthy of a better fate. There is a good deal of effective satire upon medical fads, particularly as connected with the new game of hygiene—good-humored and self-contained satire such as really brings the matter home to the bosom of the ordinary reader. But the mood of the book as a whole seems to vibrate rather helplessly between snorts and giggles. Somehow the author has failed to hit the key; the story is neither fantastic enough nor sober enough to be more or less than a gentle irritant.

A Bachelor's Baby. By Thomas L. Masson. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.

In this good-sized volume Mr. Masson has brought together a miscellaneous three-score of his recent humorous productions. Here are to be found short stories, dialogues, whimsical-serious essays, strings of modern apothegms, bits of verse, and what not. To speak of the volume comprehensively is not easy, considering its hodge-podge make-up, nor are any of the component elements important enough in themselves to need particularization. Mr. Masson's wit is facile, occasionally smart, often pungent, never very penetrating. In a weighty essay on "The Decadence of Husbands," he observes:

> There can be no question that, in spite of the obstacles mentioned, there is still a latent, lingering desire on the part of many to get married. Rash people are still trying their hands and pocketbooks at it. . . . No doubt tradition, habit, inertia are all largely responsible for this. No doubt a certain proportion will continue to get married long after it has gone out of style with the best people. There will always be old fogies.

It may be questioned whether by 332 pages of this sort of writing the author does not run danger of defeating his own avowed end, which, according to the Introduction, is "to amuse and interest the public" and "to present certain philosophical conceptions of life in literary form."

An Encore. By Margaret Deland. New York: Harper & Bros.

We doubt whether any American writer of fiction of the present generation has produced work more likely to last than the "Old Chester Tales" of Mrs. Deland. They have precisely the mellowness of atmosphere, precisely the delicacy of humor, of which the mass of our literature must confess its lack. And Dr. Lavendar, the *deus ex machina* of so many of the tales, is, one must think, worthy to go down to our great-grandchildren along with the beloved old men of fiction—Sir Roger, Uncle Toby, the Vicar, and the Colonel. This prettily bound and decorated edition of one of the most charming of the Old Chester chronicles is, we suppose, aimed at the holiday public. We hope it will hit the mark.

The Woman's Exchange of Simpkinsville. By Ruth McEnery Stuart. New York: Harper & Bros.

This is an attractive little holiday volume not unlike Mrs. Deland's. These Simpkinsville (Arkansas) people lack some of the graces of the Old Chester folk; but they are painted in like detail, and with similar affection. "Sonny" and his family are probably as widely known to magazine readers as Dr. Lavendar and his parishioners. Mrs. Stuart's touch is broader than Mrs. Deland's, and she is more open to the charge of sentimentalism, but this tale of the old age of Sonny's surviving sisters, and of the way in which he at last came into his own, is of a kind always sought by people who prefer their holiday trinkets in the form of sterling print, rather than of sterling silver.

A Turnpike Lady. By Sarah N. Cleghorn. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

The rural Vermont of somewhat more than a century ago is the scene of this quiet tale. The writer, it is clear, has informed herself faithfully in regard to the domestic life of those days, and we have descriptions, which sound veracious enough, of sugaring time and husking time, of spelling bees, of old-fashioned courtings, and of the various superstitions held in respect by the community. We have a glimpse, too, of the Tory side of the Revolutionary struggle. Whether the Green Mountain vernacular of a past century is accurately reproduced is beyond our determination; but at all events one recognizes an uncommonly successful writing-down of many of its present-day idiosyncrasies. For the rest, the story is quite inoffensive, told in a rambling, artless, unpractised fashion, that almost makes one question whether it were not intended as a juvenile. The writer's main undertaking, however, is to show us that true love is worth waiting for, even if it compels the sacrifice of comfort and social prestige and the embracing of poverty. "You better wait for it, Naomye," said the heroine's sister, who had eloped twenty years before with an itinerant fiddler. "Favor is deceitful and beauty is vain; but as the Good Book says: All for love, and the world well lost." Needless to say, Naomi's waiting received its reward.

Susan Clegg and a Man in the House. By Anne Warner. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

A new series of monologues by Miss Clegg is matter for mild rejoicing. Susan Clegg is not, like Mrs. Wiggs, a creation of true humor, but she is a very funny caricature, or, if you will, photograph, of the New England spinster in her sourest and most absurd mood. It is the kind of thing announced on vaudeville programmes as "full of ginger—not a dull moment"; or in press notices as possessing "a laugh on every page." Such writing has, at the very least, its medicinal value; for if mellow humor is the balm of hurt minds, broad fun is a cordial for tired ones. Miss Clegg's experiences with a male boarder, as here recorded, are to be recommended heartily to people who may have found refreshment in "Three Men in a Boat," "Chimmie Fadden," or the sea worthies of W. W. Jacobs.

Gallantry. By James Branch Cabell. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Mr. Cabell's group of eighteenth century scenes has been wrought with cleverness, tact, and invention. He is frankly superficial and paints his pictures of George the Second's England, and France under Louis Seize, rather in snuff box style than with any complicated probing after the eternal human heart. Of course, it is not every one who cares to collect snuff boxes, but, granted the taste, "The Casual Honeymoon," all the adventures of Capt. Audaine and Miss Allonby, "April's Message," the whole history, in fact, of Ormskirk's courtings, form as satisfactory specimens as are likely to be manufactured at the present day. Moreover, in the plots, counter plots, and intrigues there is a grateful amount of lively movement. Unlike Thomas Hardy (in his biting eighteenth century studies), or Maurice Hewlett, Mr. Cabell does not attempt to reconstruct character, to create trenchant personalities. He busies himself about the satin-clad courtier, the airy fine lady, and the gallant. His miniatures are careful; though the touch is so light, the style seldom halts, and in the few instances where it lapses from that of his chosen period, it at least never ceases to be properly suited to the bloody or amorous minuets through which his puppets are stepping. In fact (never losing sight of the scale), no more discerning estimate of "gallantry" need be sought than that furnished by Mr. Cabell's own epilogue, where Ormskirk pleads:

> The author's obdurate, and bids me say
> That—since the doings of our Georgian day
> Smack less of Hippocrene than of Bohea—
> His tiny pictures of that tiny time
> Aim little at the lofty or sublime,
> Nor paint a peccadillo as a crime.
> Since though illegally all midgets mate,
> And flies purloin, and gnats assassinate,
> They are not haled before a magistrate.

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This is his aim, and in large measure he attains it. If it be objected, that life was not then composed exclusively of dispatch boxes, robbers, spies, masqueraders, duels, and evening parties, without a second's breathing space between, the answer is that exciting rather than commonplace moments have been selected, as better suited to fiction; and not only selected: they have been trimmed, polished, and refined to a version suggesting the school of Watteau rather than Hogarth.

To place "Gallantry" more exactly, we may safely say that while not for an instant comparing with such a masterpiece as Mr. Hewlett's "Stooping Lady," it has infinitely more merit than many such popular successes as, to take one example, "Monsieur Beaucaire."

Camping and Tramping with Roosevelt. By John Burroughs. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1 net.

Theodore Roosevelt, the Boy and the Man. By James Morgan. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50.

The two most recent additions to the constantly increasing store of Rooseveltiana, different as they are in point of view and subject-matter, have one striking characteristic in common. They are both simple. The Presidential exponent of the simple life could not ask better examples of this sort of biographical writing. Of the two, the little book by Mr. Burroughs is the more intimate, and the more valuable, because of the light it throws on an interesting phase of the President's many-sided character. Like the books of Francis E. Leupp and Jacob Riis, it is the tribute of a friend, written from knowledge gained in close personal companionship, not from a perusal of newspaper files and public documents. Unlike their books, which attempted to portray Mr. Roosevelt in every field of his multifarious activities, Mr. Burroughs's volume deals only with the man as he appears in the woods and fields. There is not a word of politics in it. The book comprises two sketches, "Camping with the President," an account of the trip which the President and the naturalist took together through Yellowstone Park in the spring of 1903; and "President Roosevelt as a Nature Lover and Observer." In the latter, a random series of personal anecdotes, illustrative of all sorts of birds and beasts, from Oyster Bay sparrows to carved ivory elephants, the author bears this testimony to his friend, while at the same time he takes a sly slap at the "nature-fakers":

> I cannot now recall that I have ever met a man with a keener and more comprehensive interest in the wild life about us—an interest that is at once scientific and thoroughly human. And by human I do not mean anything akin to the sentimentalism that sicklies o'er so much of our more recent natural history writing, and that inspires the founding of hospitals for cats; but I mean his robust, manly love of all open-air life, and his keen insight into it.

The book is as sincere as it is frankly the work of an admirer, but it is such a tribute as any man might be proud of.

James Morgan's biography is a clear, straightforward account of the President's life from boyhood to the present day. The author expressly disclaims any attempt to analyze the individual or to advance or criticise his political policies. The book has not the personal touch that characterizes the writings of some of the President's other Boswells, but what it possibly loses in interest from the fact, it gains in value by its impartial recital of the varied and dramatic scenes in the career of "a man, who," to quote the author, "has the enthusiasm of a boy, and whose energy and faith have illustrated before the world the spirit of Young America." The book, however, is by no means a history for juvenile readers, although the title might suggest as much. It is crammed full of facts, chronologically, not topically, arranged, so as to make it a useful work of reference. There is very little superfluous matter or "fine writing"; the anecdotes are plentiful and even if somewhat shopworn, well chosen to illustrate traits of character. Mr. Morgan is the first man to write a real biography of Theodore Roosevelt as distinguished from the character sketches of which we have several excellent examples. He has accomplished a difficult task accurately and impartially.

Chronicles Concerning Early Babylonian Kings. By L. W. King. 2 vols. London: Luzac & Co. 16s.

Mr. King, the assistant keeper of the Egyptian and Assyrian antiquities in the British Museum, enjoys a high reputation as an editor of cuneiform texts. Although still a young man, he has already published more than most scholars accomplish in a lifetime, and the quality of his work is in keeping with the quantity. In previous publications, notably in his two volumes on the "Seven Tablets of Creation" and his three volumes on "Letters and Inscriptions of Hammurabi," he also displayed his ability in interpreting cuneiform texts, which is quite a distinct achievement from the mere copying or even translating them. In his latest production, he attacks the difficult problem of early Babylonian chronology, and with the help of new sources which he was fortunate enough to discover among the treasures of the British Museum, he has succeeded in definitely solving a number of difficulties that have hitherto baffled scholars. The early date of 3750 B. C. was assigned to the famous King Sargon on the basis of the statement of scribes in the days of Nabonidus, the last King of Babylonia (555-539 B. C.), that Sargon ruled "3,200 years" before Nabonidus. This date has for a long time been felt by scholars to be too high. Various theories have been put forward to explain the statement "away," including the radical assumption that the scribes, by an error, wrote 3,200 instead of 2,200. It has been left to Mr. King to prove by the direct evidence of a new chronicle that the so-called first and second dynasties of Babylon, instead of being successive, were partly contemporaneous. This fact was not taken into account by the scribes of Nabonidus; and, since the second dynasty covers 368 years, this figure must now be deducted from the total of 3,200 years. By means of this reduction, the way is cleared for fixing the date of Hammurabi (the sixth and most important King of the first dynasty of Babylon) after 2000 B. C.—perhaps nearer to 1900 B. C. With this established, there need be no further hesitation in identifying Hammurabi with the King Amraphel of Babylonia mentioned in the famous and much discussed fourteenth chapter of the book of Genesis—the contemporary of Abraham. According to the scheme of the Priestly Writer in the genealogical sections of the Pentateuch, the interval between Abraham and the Exodus is 645 years, and since the date of the Exodus, which took place in the reign of Merneptah, can now be approximately fixed at 1234 B. C., the date thus obtained for Abraham, 1897 B. C., accords pretty accurately with the new date for Hammurabi. We thus obtain a safe point of departure for the early Babylonian chronology, though it is perhaps just as well to add that the substantial agreement between the date for Abraham, according to the Priestly Writer, and that for Hammurabi does not settle the question of the historical existence of Abraham, but only the reliability of the chronological traditions of the Hebrew scribes. Shortly before Mr. King's book appeared, Dr. Arno Poebel, a young Assyriologist of promise, had, on entirely different grounds, reached the same conclusion with regard to the relationship of the first and second dynasties of Babylon, so that the new theory thus reinforced will probably meet with unanimous acceptance.

The new system of chronology also furnishes the solution of a number of other problems which had hitherto puzzled scholars; and a point of some importance is the proof incidentally established for the substantial accuracy of most of the chronological data embodied in Babylonian and Assyrian annals. German scholars have during the past two decades vied with one another in proposing all manner of emendations for the various figures furnished by Babylonian chronicles, by date-lists, and by incidental references in the official annals, until scarcely a single date was left untampered with. While it seems certain that the ancient scribes did occasionally err, those errors have a certain *rationale*. The scribes, it is equally certain, were not "guessers," even when they indulged in round numbers; and it is rather curious that not a single one of these many recent conjectures, though often supported with much ingenuity, has been confirmed, while most of them have now been shattered by a single blow. The high date assigned by the scribes of Nabonidus to Sargon thus turns out to be not a guess, or a wilful exaggeration, but an error of the scribes in counting dynasties as successive which were in reality contemporaneous—wholly or in part.

The texts published by Mr. King also furnish a new synchronism between the history of Babylonia and Assyria, which shows that one of the oldest rulers of Assyria, Ilu-shuma, whose name has been found on various documents unearthed by the German expedition working at the ruins of the ancient capital of Assyria—the city of Ashur—was a contemporary of Su-Abu, the founder of the first dynasty of Babylon. This enables us to carry the history of Assyria definitely beyond the year 2000 B. C., and to give approximate dates for a considerable number of Assyrian rulers, both before and after Ilu-shuma, in regard to whose period there had hitherto been considerable doubt.

A third result of importance for which we are indebted to Mr. King's researches is

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the evidence of an invasion of Babylonia by the Hittites at about 1750 B. C. Fresh interest in the Hittites has been created by the remarkable discovery of an extensive archive at Boghaz-Köi, which turns out to have borne the name Khatti, and was at one time, therefore, the capital of the Hittite Empire. Professor Winckler of the University of Berlin, who found a large number of cuneiform tablets at Boghaz-Köi in the summer of 1906, is again engaged in explorations in that region, and, according to reports, has been even more successful than last year in the discovery of more documents which promise to shed a new light on the movements of the Hittites, and which may prove to contain the key for the reading of the hieroglyphic Hittite inscriptions. The tablets at Boghaz-Köi do not appear to be older than the fourteenth, or, at the most, fifteenth century, so that the date now furnished by Mr. King is the oldest testimony we as yet have for this strange group of peoples, who at various periods were engaged in conflicts with the Egyptians in Western Asia, and at one time threatened to destroy the mighty Assyrian Empire. To find the Hittites advancing as far south as Babylonia in the eighteenth century comes as a great surprise to scholars. Mr. King has made it plausible that the Hittites even succeeded in sacking the city of Babylon and in removing as trophies of war statues of Marduk, the chief god of the Babylonian Empire, and of his consort, Sarpanitum. At all events, we find a king of Babylonia some centuries later recording the return to Babylon of statues of these deities which had been taken to Khani in northern Syria, situated within the Hittite domain.

Mr. King is a sober scholar as well as a sound one, and the self-restraint he exhibits in indicating with great frankness the difficulties that he has not succeeded in setting aside makes him a reliable guide for those who are unable to control his statements by recourse to his sources. Thus, he admits that the reconciliation of the chronological system of Berosus—which, to be sure, has not come down to us at first hand, and may have been tampered with in passing from one author to another—with the new data is apparently a hopeless task, though, on the other hand, the difficulties are not increased by the acceptance of King's deductions from his data.

Again, although some new information is to be gleaned from the valuable material placed at our disposal by Mr. King for the period lying beyond the first dynasty of Babylon, he judiciously refrains from the attempt and the temptation to fix the date of Sargon, one of the oldest of the Semitic rulers in Mesopotamia. So much, however, now seems certain; that not long after Sargon an endeavor was made by the older settlers, known as the Sumerians, to grasp the control from the Semitic invaders. A powerful dynasty with its centre in the old Sumerian capital, Ur, arose, and for a time at least held sway also over northern Babylonia. Since Mr. King makes out a good case for the thesis that the so-called Ur dynasty follows immediately upon the one represented by Sargon and his son, Naram-Sin, it follows that we must definitely abandon the high date still maintained by some scholars for the Sargon dynasty. In addition to the 368 years represented by the second dynasty, which now no longer enters into calculation, we may safely cut off a few more centuries, and bring Sargon down to about 3000 B. C. Further than this, however, we may not go at present.

Of the two volumes, the first contains the discussion of the new texts, and the second the texts themselves in accurate autograph copies, as well as in transliteration, and accompanied by translations. The copies are made with that finish and neatness to which King has accustomed us by his former publications. In the translations there is of course room for differences of opinion in minor details, and some of King's renderings are open to serious objections which cannot, however, be considered in detail here. The publication may be set down as the most important that has appeared in many years within the domain of Assyriology. It is a significant contribution to the earliest history of the ancient Orient. Apart from their intrinsic merits, King's two volumes are to be commended as models of good historical method in combination with sound philology and sober exegesis. The style is fluent and forcible, while the discussions are remarkably clear, so that the book can be read with pleasure as well as with profit by all interested in ancient history. There are too many repetitions which might have been avoided by footnote references.

The Memoirs of Ann Lady Fanshawe. Reprinted from the original manuscript in the possession of Mr. Evelyn John Fanshawe of Parsloes, with four photogravure portraits and twenty-nine other reproductions. New York: John Lane Co. $5 net.

Lady Fanshawe's Memoirs were first given to the public in 1829 by Sir Harris Nicolas, and reissued in 1830. There was no later reissue until 1905, when John Lane Company published a popular edition with *illustrations and with an Introduction* by Beatrice Marshall. The present edition, by the grandson of the first editor, is made directly from the manuscript (we may remark, by the way, that the editor, though multifariously learned, seems not to know the difference between the use of MS. and MSS.), in the possession of Evelyn John Fanshawe, of Parsloes, Essex. How necessary such a revision was may be seen by a comparison of the two texts. Names are constantly transcribed wrong in the edition of 1829, "Lady Norton" for "Lady Morton," "Lady Danby" for "Lady Denbigh," "Lord Charles Clare" for "Lord Cha(ncellor) Clar(endon)," "a horse" for "a hone" in the famous apparition scene in Ireland, etc.

It is good to have one of our slender classics renewed for us in this careful manner, although we cannot go all the way with the editor in his apparent enthusiasm for the Memoirs. He quotes the opinion of Horace Walpole, who had seen them in manuscript (as he saw all manuscripts) and who wrote of them in 1792 to the Countess of Ossory: "I had been told they were very curious, which was a little more than I found them, though not unentertaining"; and against this opinion sets that of Professor Mackail: "The most charming and individual of any English memoirs of the period, Mrs. Hutchinson's not excepted." The judgment of most readers, we think, will be closer to Walpole's than to Professor Mackail's. There are beautiful passages here and there, such as Lady Fanshawe's account of the love between herself and her husband, or the leave-taking of Charles I.; but there is nothing like the sustained elevation that gives to Mrs. Hutchinson's Memoirs the quality of high literature. There is an interesting picture of the life led by wandering cavaliers during the Rebellion and under the Commonwealth. Mr. Shorthouse, one remembers, drew largely on these Memoirs for his picture of Oxford court life in "John Inglesant," giving, by the way, a slanderous story of Mrs. Manley's about Lady Fanshawe under the name of Lady Fentham. The later account also of Sir Richard's short career in Spain as ambassador for Charles II. is not without picturesque qualities and historic value; but to see how amateurish Lady Fanshawe's writing is at bottom, one need only compare her meagre outlines with Madame D'Aulnoy's picturesque reminiscences of Madrid.

The most noteworthy part of the present edition is the elaborate notes, occupying far the larger part of the volume and giving full information about every thing and every person in any way alluded to by Lady Fanshawe. We do not at the moment recall any family memoirs of the period that have been worked out with such minute care. Perhaps some of the material, such as the brief, though not uninteresting, lives of well-known historic characters, might have been omitted to advantage, and the space given to more of Sir Richard's own letters and to a reprint of his more interesting poetical productions. The editor deprecates harsh criticism of errors which are almost bound to occur in a work of such elaborate and minute research. We can only say that the mistakes we have discovered are few and unimportant. The book must remain a standard work of reference for students of the period.

Political Problems of American Development. By Albert Shaw. Columbia University Press. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50 net.

In this volume Dr. Shaw has collected the lectures delivered last winter as the opening course of the new Blumenthal Foundation in Columbia University. His utterances are permeated by a "full measure of hopeful confidence in the character and the future of American democracy," and are, according to his preface, "mature and deliberate." It must, however, frankly be said that one may have absolute faith in the success of the great American experiment without agreeing with many of Dr. Shaw's opinions. With his optimism no one can find fault, but from his historical judgments and his forecasts of the future we must often dissent. Indeed, we cannot feel that this work will add to Dr. Shaw's reputation either as a writer or as a student of American problems. The whole volume smacks of the haste of journalism. It is frequently repetitious, and is not lacking in that dogmatic finality of opinion which is a pitfall for all editors.

To let the book speak for itself—we think

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that most of our readers will be surprised to learn how deep an impress the aborigines have left upon our national character:

Certain Indian traits and qualities—those of physical courage and endurance, of silence and stoicism under conditions of danger and difficulty, of a certain unassailable personal dignity—have for a hundred years unquestionably so affected the American mind as to have entered very deeply into the quality of what we may call American personality. If all our pioneers were not at some time engaged in Indian fighting, they were all schooled in the need of being prepared for it. Outside of our Eastern cities, every American boy until within a very recent period has been trained in the use of arms, has had some knowledge of wild animals and woodcraft, and has imbibed something of that personal initiative, resourcefulness, and capacity for self-directed action that could not have come alone from our early provisions for democratic equality and universal education. It came in large part from the experience of subduing a great continent and from the actual or traditional dealings of our people with so remarkable a man as the American Indian.

Dr. Shaw's easy and popular philosophy that everything that is is wise and good may be seen on nearly every page. He is certain that the "constant efforts of philanthropists and idealists to give practical effect to our national pledges of justice toward the Indians have provided us with a series of problems of government and administration from which we have never at any time been wholly free"; but he lets fall no single word of anger at our betrayal of our wards or at our exploitation of them and their lands. Dr. Shaw is deeply interested in the negro, but here, too, he is quite satisfied that all is well. The North, he says, has come to see that the South must work out its own problem. The negro is, of course, deprived of the suffrage (the foundation stone in any democratic structure) but then, is he not allowed "to educate his children, and to work freely and securely at any trade or calling?" It happens that the vast majority of negro children are not educated properly (6,000 are uncared for in Atlanta alone), and that the negro is frequently disturbed at his trade, and sometimes altogether prohibited from following it. But the complacent statesmanship of Dr. Shaw passes over matters like these, just as it sees in Chinese and Japanese exclusion a wise policy wholly unconnected with questions of national ethics. Similarly our performances at Hawaii, and at Panama, and our war with Spain are either to be slurred over or approved.

Only when it comes to foreign policy does Dr. Shaw show indignation. Curiously enough it is against those statesmen who failed to purchase Canada from England during the civil war that he thunders most vigorously. Our latter-day ventures in expansion he approves here as in the *Review of Reviews*. But the curious reader cannot but marvel at this interpretation of the facts of current history:

In the great debate of the year 1900 the country specifically accepted and justified our Philippine policy in view of the circumstances that surrounded it. . . . This Philippine undertaking has already proved a costly and difficult one, but its lessons have been so salutary as to have justified it. . . . It has sobered and dignified our diplomacy, and has reacted very favorably upon our political conditions at home. . . .

Science.

Evolution and Animal Life. By David Starr Jordan and Vernon Lyman Kellogg. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $2.50 net.

This volume contains the substance of a course of lectures delivered jointly by the authors each year at Stanford University; and it is a noteworthy contribution to the popular literature of evolution. In less than five hundred pages we have an elementary and yet comprehensive introduction to our present-day knowledge of the facts, processes, laws, and theories relating to the life and evolution of animals. The names of the authors vouch for the reliability of the text, and their unbiassed treatment of moot questions is shown in a paragraph from the prefatory note:

We cannot talk long without saying something others do not believe. Others cannot talk long without saying something we do not believe. We wish you to accept no view of ours unless you reach it through your own investigation. What we hope for is to have you think of these things and find out for yourselves.

The book contains twenty-one chapters, and the subjects range from the physical basis of life, natural selection, variation, and heredity, through sex and ontogeny, paleontology, adaptations, and color. The last two chapters are devoted to instinct, reason, and man's place in nature. Thus in this single volume is given a bird's-eye view of the whole extensive field. Such a vast outlook cannot fail to be an inspiration to the student; indeed, many of our extreme specialists could gain much from it, in the correlation of their work with that of others; the microscopist might well take his eye from his instrument and, from his window, glance for a moment over a wide expanse of sea, land, and sky. An appendix contains a bibliography of general and special treatments of the chapter subjects, but these references are confined to books and papers published in English. Since both authors are zoologists, animals are generally given preference over plants, although Burbank's work has a prominent place.

Notwithstanding the extreme condensation, the text is clear and pleasant reading, brightened by original similes. For example, the illusion of special creation and permanence of type is stated to be due to the fact that "as a flash of lightning in the duration of the night, so is the life of man in the duration of nature." At the instant of brightness the branches, the flying clouds, the falling rain, all appear motionless and at rest. The position of the authors upon certain important questions, and their vigor of diction, are best illustrated by several short extracts.

There is no absolute definition for the word *species*. The word *kind* represents it exactly in common language and is just as susceptible to exact definition. . . . A species is an island, a genus, an archipelago, in a sea of death. . . Not a few so-called true species are only ontogenetic species held for a number of generations true to a type simply because the environment, the extrinsic factors in the development of all the individuals in these successive generations, are the same. But how these individual characteristics and changes can be put into the heredity of the race we do not understand.

As illustrative of variation:

Fill a bottle with flies. All in time will die of suffocation, but a certain few will outlast the many. Bring in a number of wolf cubs. Some will become relatively tame—some will remain wolves, and between the most fierce and the most docile we shall find all ranges of variation.

The illustrations are numerous and well chosen. The few slips which occur are unimportant: the starfish figured on page 23 is not walking, but righting itself; spermatozoan No. 11 on page 218 has no caption.

"Guides for Vertebrate Dissection," by Prof. J. S. Kingsley (Henry Holt & Co.), consists of three pamphlets, dealing respectively with the frog, the dogfish, and the necturus. Each pamphlet (they average about thirty pages) is complete in itself and is issued separately. The author has kept constantly in mind the needs and the limitations of the student. There are many questions which are left unanswered in order to stimulate independent investigation. For the same reason illustrations are omitted. The first mention of any scientific term is printed in black-faced type. Brief descriptions for injecting and for making skeletons are given in the introduction, and each pamphlet contains an excellent bibliography. The intention, of course, is to have these manuals used under the direction of an instructor; otherwise the student may get into difficulties, as in the dissection of the nerves, that stumbling block to the beginner. Other sections treating the remaining groups of vertebrates are promised. The thoroughness and the small cost should make these guides widely acceptable.

The death is announced, in his seventy-third year, of Howard Saunders, the distinguished British authority on birds. Mr. Saunders was born in 1835, and first became absorbed in ornithology when as a young man he was travelling in South America on business. He was for a while editor of the *Ibis*. His published books include Vols. III. and IV. of "Yarrell's British Birds," "Manual of British Birds," and the British Museum Catalogue of Terns, Gulls, and Skuas.

Prof. Domenico Capozzi, known for his works on pathology, has just died at Naples at the age of seventy-six.

Drama.

MENANDER IN EGYPT.

PARIS, October 22.

A year ago, as was noted in these columns, Gustave Lefebvre, in the course of excavations at Ichgaou—the ancient Aphroditopolis the Little—on the banks of the Nile, discovered in a heap of papyrus containing accounts and contracts several rolls written in Greek characters. They proved to be four considerable fragments of as many different comedies of Menander. They have been examined in detail by a competent Hellenist, Prof. Maurice Croiset of the Collège de France. He has settled the text, and now communicates the results to the Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres. In all there are thirty-four pages of text. Our previous acquaintance with Menander was limited to the praise of the ancients—Quintilian putting him above Terence, who is supposed, *more Romano*, to have plundered him, and who

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was set down by Cæsar as a demi-Menander—with a few bits of dialogue and wise saws. Altogether, this was not enough to furnish the modern critic with means of independent judgment. The new discovery is consequently an event in the literary world.

The first fragment gives the *dramatis personæ*, the argument, and several lines of the first scene of a piece. As the names and description of most of the hundred and eight comedies of Menander have been preserved, M. Croiset was able to identify all this as the beginning of "The Hero." The second fragment is far more important, comprising the principal scenes and entire development of the Ἐπιτρέποντες (from two under characters who "submit to an arbiter" a case which brings about the intrigue of the piece). The story is not very proper (except perhaps in Paris), but ends with high Greek morality by love coming honorably to its own. The third fragment is very incomplete—a prologue and a few scenes—but it is pieced out by previous discoveries made by Grenfell and Hunt, sufficiently to get at the story of ἡ περικειρομένη ("She, whose hair was cut")—a punitive Rape of the Lock, with a pathetic, happy ending. The fourth fragment is the most complete of all—the entire three acts beginning the "Samian Woman." The plot, as usual, unweaves a tangled web of past seduction and abandoned children; but the dialogue justifies the opinion of the ancients concerning Menander's conversational charm. The philosophical student of Greek religious practices will find by the way many disclosures of the license of the feasts attending the mysteries. But, says M. Croiset, the great thing is that we can now judge for ourselves the real talent of Menander—his mastery in rendering delicate shades of character and varied sentiment, and that which Quintilian admired, his marking off each of his characters by conversation belonging to his social condition. Peasants, bourgeois, soldiers, slaves—all are here revealed to our remote days by this disciple of Theophrastus and friend of Epicurus, this typical Athenian, who was drowned bathing at the Piræus. His statue in the Vatican shows a round, full-cheeked face, with eyes strongly asquint, a long nose and wrinkled forehead. With the new discoveries we have a complete Menander renaissance.

S. D.

H. H. Furness, jr., son of the veteran editor, who has collaborated with his father and already issued a revision of the Variorum "Macbeth," has now the volume containing "Richard III." in press. It will be published early next year.

We have seldom had occasion to examine a more unnecessary book than "Shakespeare Studied in Six Plays," by the Hon. Albert S. G. Canning. (Philadelphia: Geo. W. Jacobs & Co.) It contains no learning and, except in the quotations, no wit; the style is that of a schoolboy; the general intelligence is barely mediocre. The plays here "studied" are, notwithstanding the title, seven: "Othello," "Macbeth," "King John," "Richard II.," Henry IV.," parts 1 and 2, and "The Merry Wives of Windsor." The method is simple. The author merely strikes out the speech tags and substitutes, "Iago retorts," "Brabantio exclaims, certainly with truth," "Then asks Roderigo." The following is typical:

Roderigo eagerly asks:
"Where shall we meet in the morning?"
Iago replies:
"At my lodging."
Roderigo rejoins:
"I'll be with thee betimes."
Iago replies:
"Go; farewell."

In the chapter on "Othello," no fewer than 169 pages are devoted to a narrative of the plot in this style, and the essay is closed with five pages of comment, partly obvious and partly wrong. Considerably over half of the play is quoted verbatim. The complete text could have been given in less space, and the change would have been pure gain. The few explanatory notes are borrowed from an out-of-date commentary, and are often inaccurate. We are totally at a loss to understand why the book was written, and, when written, why published; and it is noticed here merely as a warning.

One of the latest contributions to the poetic drama is the "Attila" of Laurence Binyon, produced with moderate success in London by Oscar Asche, one of the most promising actors of romantic and tragic characters. It is called a tragedy, but may be described more accurately as a high form of romantic melodrama. To historical accuracy it makes no pretence whatever, although some of the incidents are founded more or less remotely on fact. The scene is laid in a Burgundian city, where Attila, warned by a soothsayer of the impending death of his three sons, resolves to cast aside his wife, and wed the princess Ildico, who, after an interval of patriotic hatred, learns to reciprocate his passion. On the wedding night, however, Ildico discovers that Attila contemplates also a matrimonial alliance with the Roman princess Honoria, who has sent him a ring. This trinket she demands from him, and when he refuses she kills him in the bridal chamber with his own sword. As a matter of fact, Ildico did not kill Attila, and probably never even heard of Honoria, but the play is none the worse on that account, especially as nearly all the rest of it is pure fiction. Unfortunately, the invention is not always commensurate with the proportions of an heroic theme. The piece lacks coherence, dignity, and the sustaining purpose of an adequate motive. But Mr. Binyon has furnished some effective scenes for Attila—such as the consultation with the soothsayer and the various episodes connected with the wooing of Ildico—and many passages of spirited, sonorous, and occasionally imaginative rhetoric, which, when declaimed with the fiery vigor of Mr. Asche, would doubtless be exceedingly effective. Some of the descriptive bits are finely imaginative, but the verse, as a whole, is more remarkable for smoothness and directness than for elevation or variety of fancy. Attila himself is a striking figure, with his barbaric strength and imperious passion, but too much stress is laid upon the mere animalism of his nature. In this respect, as in others, truth might have been sacrificed profitably to romance. But the general literary quality of the play is undeniably good, and entitles it to respectful recognition.

"The Breaking Point," by Edward Garnett (London: Duckworth & Co.) has secured some amount of public notice because G. A. Redford, the English censor of plays, refused to permit a performance of it in a London theatre. Otherwise it is extremely unlikely that it would have attracted much attention. It is to be noted that Mr. Redford did not assign any particular reason for his veto, simply intimating that, in his judgment, it is not suitable for public representation. Perhaps he would have been wiser, as he almost certainly would have been less kind, if he had allowed it to be acted and drop quietly into oblivion. Mr. Garnett, and a good many others, have assumed that the play was suppressed because it is immoral. To that charge it is not fairly open. It does not glorify, or advocate, or palliate vice, and it is not salacious in fact or in purpose. But it is unnecessarily offensive to good taste, and is, moreover, an amateurish piece of work, founded upon highly improbable premises, unnatural in action, and, in spite of some violent theatrical situations, quite devoid of any real literary or dramatic value. The conduct of the principal personages concerned is so at variance with all ordinary experience of human nature that the mere notion of its having any illuminating effect upon existing social conditions is preposterous. As one of Ibsen's heroines says, "people do not do such things." Now that Mr. Redford has advertised the play, it is possible that more may be heard of it; but if it ever reaches the footlights here—unless in some greatly modified form—observant spectators will be tempted to regret that there is no American censor. In a preface Mr. Garnett maintains that the sole business of such an officer is "to prevent gross or prurient indecency on the public stage." If this means anything, it means that there should be no restriction upon that veiled suggestion, which is so much more pernicious than any open vulgarity. There is, of course, no intimation in this that Mr. Garnett would be willing to avail himself of any such license. He did not stop, probably, to consider the full scope of his words.

"The Point of Life," by Amelia Josephine Burr, is a little three act poetic play not unworthy the attention of an artistic independent theatre. Although the work of a novice, it exhibits some measure of constructive skill and a good sense of dramatic situation, combined with lively fancy and a literary style which is clear, facile, and in places eloquent. The play is remarkably compact and rapid in action, is vital in its characterization, and depicts the victory of a noble nature over fleshly impulse in somewhat crude colors but with indisputable veracity. The scene is laid in Florence in the sixteenth century and the spirit of the time and place is happily preserved. Benvenuto Cellini is enamored of Luciana, the beautiful and chaste wife of a rich merchant, Domizio. His declaration of love which she repels with fine scorn, so overwhelms her that she falls into a trance which is mistaken for death, and—her husband being absent—she, like Juliet, is placed in the family tomb. There Benvenuto seeks her and discovering that she still breathes, carries her off to the house of his sister, Liperata, where she partly revives and while still only semi-conscious, turns to him as her preserver and lover. In the fury of his passion Benvenuto would take advantage of her weakness,

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but Liperata, by a moving appeal—as vigorous in expression as it is fine in sentiment—rallies his better manhood and he departs to meet the returning husband and bring him to his wife. The tale is melodramatic in its improbability, in its multiplication of concidence and the obvious artifices of its contrasting incidents. But these are the natural defects of inexperience and do not obscure the substantial motive of the piece, its local color, its animation, its living personalities, and its admirable literary quality. The character of Benvenuto is sketched with boldness and with insight. Liperata and Luciana are delicate and graceful examples of womanhood; and there is a capital page part, Cosimo. Some roystering scenes are drawn with much spirit and are enriched with rarely melodious songs. In short, the little play is full of promise and deserves the dainty form given to it by the Hillside Press, of Englewood, N. J.

"The Christian Pilgrim," the stage version of "Pilgrim's Progress," in which Henrietta Crosman will appear, is to be presented in the Liberty Theatre next Monday. The piece is in five acts and eleven scenes, which show the course of Christian from the City of Destruction to the Celestial City, with illustrations of "The Wicket Gate" and "The Cross on the Hill." "The House Beautiful," "The Valley of the Shadow of Death," "Vanity Fair," "By-Path Meadow," "Doubting Castle," "The Shrine of the Wanton," and "The River of Death." The more important parts will be played by Tyrone Power, Miss Minna Adelman, Edward Mackay, Addison Pitt, Miss Corah Adams, and H. Roger.

Sarah Bernhardt has just begun another engagement in London, and the critics are practically unanimous in declaring that she shows few traces of the flight of years.

Music.

The Indians' Book. By Natalie Curtis. New York: Harper & Bros. $7.50 net.

Miss Curtis has called her volume "The Indians' Book" because the Indians are its authors. "The songs and stories are theirs; the drawings, cover design, and title pages were made by them. The work of the recorder has been but the collecting, editing, and arranging of the Indians' contributions." But this work of the "recorder" took many years and much patience. She visited many Indian tribes, sought interviews with the chiefs, and from them and others collected an abundance of valuable material. Her object was twofold: to make the white man better acquainted with the Indian, from the æsthetic point of view, and to preserve for the younger Indians the songs and legends of their ancestors. Unlike some of her predecessors, she soon abandoned the phonograph as "inadequate and unnecessary," and her equipment consisted solely of note book and pencil, a camera, and a color box for the use of the Indians who supplied the pictures for the book. Sections are devoted to the Eastern Indians, to those of the plains, the lakes of the Northwest, and the Southwest, and finally to the Pueblo Indians, who artistically present the chief points of interest. Each chapter is preceded by a few remarks regarding the history and character of the tribe under consideration.

In Miss Curtis's camera all Indians look pleasant; they are all gentlemen and ladies, as in the pages of the late Daniel Brinton; but there is no harm in this attitude, which, perhaps, comes nearer the truth than the old maxim that the only good Indian is a dead one. No attempt is made to determine how much of the Indian's poetic, artistic, and musical performances may be a result of the remarkable imitative talent which George Catlin noted many decades ago; but it must be said in general that the poems, stories, and tunes collected by Miss Curtis have the true aboriginal flavor. A good specimen is the Pima Wind Song:

> Far on the desert edges stands the cactus;
> Lo the blossoms swaying,
> To and fro the blossoms swaying.

The music of this song appeals to us much less than the words; and the same is true of most of the numerous tunes presented in this volume. Some of them are quaint and pretty; for example, the Hopi Lullaby on page 498, which would make an admirable theme for a piano piece; but on the whole our young composers who believe they can build a special and "national" species of music on the red man's tunes will not find much encouragement in the specimens here presented. Harmony, of course, there is none in the Indian's music, and Miss Curtis cannot be too much commended for not disguising these primitive tunes by dressing them up in European clothes. But the melodies, too, are in most cases disappointing. Catlin, no doubt, went too far when he spoke of an entire absence of melody in the music of the Indians, and declared that "their songs are made up chiefly of a sort of violent chaunt of harsh and jarring gutturals, of yelps, and barks, and screams." Stephen Powers was moved to tears by some of the simple Indian melodies he heard in California, and others have been deeply impressed on hearing this music—amid its proper surroundings.

Miss Curtis declares that "no civilized music has such complex, elaborate, and changing rhythms as has the music of the American Indian." This statement is not borne out by her many examples, which are rhythmically almost as monotonous and uninteresting as they are melodically, and not to be named in the same breath with the rhythmic complexities of a Wagner score, not to mention the Hungarian pieces of Liszt or Max Reger's rhythmic puzzles. Of interest are the author's comments on a rhythmical peculiarity of Pueblo music—a sudden holding back of the pace during one, two, or more bars. It is, she declares, "in no sense a rallentando, but an abrupt change of tempo, with no loss of rhythmical precision. At the end of the slower bars the first tempo is resumed with the original impetus. Such change is merely a leap from one tempo to another and back again." Another peculiarity of Indian song which makes for expression is "a rhythmic pulsation of the voice on sustained notes somewhat analogous to the effect produced on the violin when the same note is slightly sounded several times during one stroke of the bow." These peculiarities are indicated by special signs in the music here printed. Miss Curtis has also followed Kurt Schindler's method of printing the songs in such a way that corresponding musical phrases are placed one beneath another like lines of verse.

When Oscar Hammerstein undertook the audacious project, last winter, of opening a new opera house in competition with the Metropolitan, he relied largely on the war of tenors which he expected would result when he pitted his Bonci against Conried's Caruso. The war, however, did not materialize, and Bonci was captured by the enemy. Thereupon Hammerstein imported another Italian tenor of repute, Zenatello by name, of whom he predicted great things. On Monday night, when the season at the Manhattan Opera House was opened with "La Gioconda," Zenatello won a great success, and the general opinion was that now Caruso might have to look to his laurels. Zenatello is a tenor of the manly sort; his voice is not only strong, but has a virile timbre, with none of the whine and bleat which mar so many Italian voices. His highest tones have a splendid ringing quality, and there is in them no appeal to the gallery. He sings like an artist, and as an actor enters into the spirit of his part. In fine, he is a valuable acquisition. So is Mme. Nordica, whose beautiful voice was heard to the best advantage; and there is a new contralto, Mme. Gerville-Reache, of whom good things may be expected. Under the bâton of Campanini, Ponchielli's rather stupid but effective opera was accorded a fine performance.

When Paderewski was last in this country his tour was cut short by a railway collision which came near ending his career. Fortunately he suffered no physical injury, but his nerves were so shattered that for more than a year he was unable to resume his concerts in Europe. That he has fully recovered his physical strength and mental buoyancy was made patent last Saturday, at his Carnegie Hall recital, by the very first piece on his programme—his own new Variations and Fugue, a work of the most strenuous sort played in a most dazzling and emphatic manner; also by the fact that after finishing his programme, which occupied an hour and three-quarters, he appeased the clamor of the enthusiasts with six extra numbers, requiring forty minutes more, without the slightest sign of fatigue. His new piece reveals his creative art in the phase of ripest musicianship; it is less melodious than most of his earlier works, but it displays an astounding mastery of all the resources of the composer's art, and its difficulties are such that probably not more than half-a-dozen pianists could play it. Among the other pieces played on this occasion one may single out for comment the Beethoven sonata op. 27, No. 1, which Paderewski played with enchanting early nineteenth-century simplicity and clearness; the Schubert-Liszt "Erlking," which was presented as a short, but thrilling, musical tragedy; two Chopin études, and two Liszt rhapsodies (Nos. 13 and 2), which, as usual, aroused more tumultuous enthusiasm than anything else. The next recital, on November 23, will bring two novelties of prime importance: Paderewski's own new sonata and the Liszt-sonata, which he has never yet played in America, and for which he has said he wants to do some missionary work.

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For the second Sunday afternoon concert of the New York Symphony Society, on November 10 at Carnegie Hall, Walter Damrosch has made a Dvorák programme which will give one of the most complete pictures of this composer's activities as an instrumental composer ever presented here. The symphony will be the "New World," which in general popularity in this country seems to rank with Tchaikovsky's "Pathétique." Other Dvorák works to be performed are the "Carneval Overture" and the "Slavonic Dances," both characteristic of his skill in developing the folk-song and dances of Bohemia. Excerpts from the "Terzetto" will be played by the entire forty-six violins and violas of the orchestra, and a group of duets will introduce for the first time in America the Misses Eugenie and Virginia Sassard, who have won success in London and Paris by their singing of duets of Dvorák, Brahms, and the French composers.

Kubelik's concert at the Hippodrome, Sunday evening, November 10, will be his only appearance in this city for some time, as his tour of 125 concerts will keep him in the Middle West (opening in Chicago, November 14), for the first five or six weeks of the season. At the New York concert Kubelik will be heard in the "Sinding" concerto in A major, and other selections by Beethoven, Hubay, Saint-Saëns, Fibich, and Paganini, and will be assisted by the Russian Symphony Orchestra of seventy-five men, Modest Altschuler, conductor.

In announcing the date for the next Bayreuth Festival (July 22 to August 20, 1908) the management calls attention to the numerous complaints made by visitors to that town of the exorbitant prices charged by ticket speculators. Efforts are made to keep the tickets from these speculators, but they are aided by families living at Bayreuth, who reserve the seats for them. To put a stop to this proceeding, the management threatens to disclose the names of the disloyal citizens who thus aid the speculators.

Art.

Storia dell' Arte Italiana. By A. Venturi. Vol. V. La Pittura del Trecento. Milan: Ulrico Hoepli. 30 lire.

With the fifth volume of his great history Professor Venturi traverses the field already charted with admirable skill by Crowe and Cavalcaselle. And it cannot be denied that the comparison is in many respects a cruel one. Venturi quite lacks the cautiousness of his predecessors, is prone to state suppositions as facts, and frequently neglects even to tell whether a startling view is his own or another's. The result is a book which is misleading for the beginner and irritating to the adept. Yet it is a work which the adept must reckon with, if with tears. Venturi's vast encyclopedic knowledge, his keen æsthetic sense, his long familiarity with all the procedures of connoisseurship, give value even to his caprices. We shall note only what seem his most important contributions to the central problems of Cimabue and Giotto.

Giving up—too readily it seems to us—the Ruccellai Madonna to Duccio, our author claims for Cimabue not merely a large part of the choir and transept decorations of the Upper Church at Assisi and all the other works traditionally ascribed to the master, but also a great part of the ceiling designs of the Florence Baptistery, and a series in old St. Peter's, Rome. The latter are represented only by rude sketches of a much later date, and both these additions to the *œuvre* of Cimabue must be regarded skeptically. But the common sense reconstruction of Giotto's master as an artistic personality—agreeing broadly with the parallel studies of Fry and Aubert—is a genuine service to the history of Italian painting. We shall probably hear no more of that flippant journalism—sacrilegiously incorporated in the new edition of Crowe and Cavalcaselle—which endeavored to reduce Cimabue to the position of an historic doubt. As for the Ruccellai Madonna, the last word has not yet been said, and it is worth while inquiring if its Sienese appearance be not deceptive. Is it after all more Sienese than certain panels of Lorenzo Monaco a century and more later, and may not the similar effect be due to the similar cause of conscious imitation of the style of the City of the Virgin? May not the imitator even be Cimabue himself (as tradition still believes) before he had been liberated by contact with the Roman School? One who considered the picture simply as draughtsmanship—apart from its Byzantine calligraphy—would, we feel, be very slow to attribute it to a Sienese brush. The hands are plainly enough Esau's, but is not the voice Jacob's?

Venturi approaches the great topic of Giotto with fairly apostolic enthusiasm, and with much insight also. He is possibly led astray at times by seeking to determine too narrowly the part of assistants in the work generally attributed to the master. One must admire, without being convinced, the certainty with which he parcels out the St. Francis series at Assisi to the master and three helpers; and one must doubt, without admiring, when he declares the Franciscan Allegories in the crossing of the Lower Church to be a scholar's amplification of the more terse originals at Santa Croce. No works in the Giottesque cycle have in a higher degree his specific beauty of line and his real sense of ponderosity. In short, if the designs of these vaults are not by Giotto, can we safely ascribe to him with any certainty any painting whatsoever? Naturally these large matters are not to be settled in a note, nor is here the place to essay so thorny a topic as the authorship of the St. Francis series in the Upper Church. Here we have to do with two opposing views and an evasion. Venturi ranges himself with the tradition that the work is Giottesque, and about a third of the frescoes by Giotto himself. Crowe and Cavalcaselle, and now Aubert, regard the cycle as pre-Giottesque—a sort of emanation from Cimabue. Berenson, who has never treated the subject at length, takes a skeptical position, accepting these stories as vaguely Giottesque, and as containing something of Giotto, but declining on the ground of the damaged condition of the frescoes to make any more definite affirmation.

Now concerning these theories one may pay his money and take his choice, but we feel that few will venture to dissociate the series wholly from Giotto. Even if the legend were of no weight, it would be hard to imagine so remarkable a group of precursors painting only at Assisi and elsewhere leaving no trace of their activity. The probability seems to lie somewhere between the skepticism of Berenson and the cocksureness of Venturi. Throughout the invention seems Giotto's, but details, backgrounds, etc., were often left to subordinates. The master hand, unless it be admitted in the first story, seems to the present writer, hardly traceable until we reach No. 14, the Pilgrimage to La Verna. From there on for ten subjects Giotto seems to have taken a personal hand in the work, but it would be rash to assert that any picture is wholly his, or, for that matter, that several are not wholly the work of inferior hands. With this tentative suggestion that the subjects on the right wall were superintended by Giotto, and those on the left, excepting the last three—the work of the so-called "St. Cecily Master"—in considerable measure executed by Giotto, we must leave this perennial riddle.

Of Venturi's faithful chronicle of the fourteenth century painters after Giotto we can only say that the survey seems exhaustive, that, in particular, the tracing of the radiating influence of Simone Memmi and the Lorenzetti is very useful, and that the abundant cuts of entire fresco cycles from Cimabue to Agnolo Gaddi make the book a useful resource for reference.

Per Lamm will publish this month "La Caricature de la Conférence de la Paix," a collection of caricatures on the Hague Conference brought together from all sources.

In order to popularize classical art and to educate the people to a better appreciation of its masterpieces, the well-known art publishing house of Franz Hanfstaengl of Munich is publishing under the general title of Weichers Kunstbücher a collection of reproductions from the paintings of modern and former times, at the small price of eighty pfennige for each booklet. These new issues are chiefly based on the famous Hanfstaengl reproductions, and each contains about sixty examples. Up to the present time twelve such booklets have come out, treating of Rubens, Van Dyck, Rembrandt, Raffael, Reynolds, Teniers, Old Dutch Painters, Titian, Franz Hals, Murillo, Wouwerman, and Velasquez. These reproductions are, on the whole, excellent, though differing somewhat in quality. One drawback is that they are rather small, as a rule 7 by 10 centimetres. The publisher announces that it is his purpose in this series to issue a "Reclam der Kunst," in imitation of the famous Universalbibliothek, which for decades has been published in small pamphlets at a nominal price by the house of Reclam.

Alesso Baldovinetti, as an eclectic and experimentalist at the turning point of Florentine painting, was predestined material for the new connoisseurship. As a landscapist of merit he also has a certain claim upon unscholastic lovers of art. Happily enough, considering the contentious

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possibilities in the case, he has escaped so far the maker of monographs, only to fall into the kindly hands of Emilio Londi, whose "Alesso Baldovinetti, Pittore Fiorentino, con l'Aggiunta dei suoi Ricordi," is published by Alfani e Venturi, Florence. This little study is informed with good sense and keeps clear of hero worship. In the main, it is a compilation and criticism of recent scattered investigations, but Signor Londi's original suggestions are always worthy of consideration. He attributes, for example, the St. Nicholas predellas in the Casa Buonarotti to Baldovinetti. On such a point one must reserve judgment. At least no better ascription has as yet been made. Signor Londi also raises the possibility that Baldovinetti may have been the teacher of Piero Pollaiuolo, and in a sense the conveyer of the tradition of Domenico Veneziano to the later realists. This supposition has something for it, but a little study of the decorative painting of the time (cassone fronts notably), such, for instance, as William Rankin is making in the *Burlington Magazine*, will demonstrate the wide diffusion of Domenico's influence. It seems an exaggeration, then, to make Baldovinetti the chief inheritor of the new tradition. In the main the little pamphlet, with its adequate illustrations, may be cordially recommended.

At the eighteenth annual exhibition of the New York Water Color Club, now open at the American Fine Arts Galleries on West Fifty-seventh Street, F. Luis Mora has won the Beals prize for the best water-color, with his Vacation Time—three women and two men in the stern of a sail-boat.

At Montross's gallery an exhibition of water-colors and pastels will be open till November 23. Among the artists represented are Horatio Walker, J. Alden Weir, Elliot Daingerfield, George H. Clements, D. W. Tryon, Childe Hassam, and W. L. Lathrop. At Macbeth's there are pictures by American painters, dead and living, including George Inness, William Keith, Ernest Lawson, C. B. Coman, William Sartain, A. C. Davies, Jerome Meyer, and George Luks.

For a number of years excavations have been going on at Silchester, in Hampshire, England, where a whole Roman town has been gradually unearthed. This season's work has closed with the discovery of what is perhaps the most interesting relic of Roman times found in the north. It is a small square temple, the ground plan of which is still in perfect preservation, showing a floor about twelve feet by fourteen. The outer walls are about thirty-six feet square, with a wide entrance on the eastern side. Against the western wall is the base of a platform, which evidently supported the image of the deity. Of the latter, several fragments have been found, which give us an idea of its original form. The figure is bearded and wears a long cloak and greaves ornamented with lions' heads. A fragment of one of the hands is grasping some object, which appears to be the lower end of a cornucopia. An inscription, also found recently, contains the word "Marti," which suggests that the temple may have been dedicated to Mars, of whose image the unearthed fragments probably formed part. On another fragmentary inscription occurs the word "Callevæ," which helps to establish the identity of the Roman town at Silchester with the Calleva, or Calleva Atrebatum, of the Antonine Itineraries. Several architectural fragments of the temple have also been unearthed, but only the inner area of the building has as yet been explored. When the surroundings are opened up, it is hoped that enough of the original fragments may be recovered to reconstruct the temple.

Finance.

THE PREMIUM ON CURRENCY.

During this financial crisis New York has witnessed a phenomenon not seen since the panic of 1893, and rare in any market of the world—a premium on currency, paid in the form of checks on solvent banks. In the early stages of the present panic, one of the incidents was the practical stopping of business in foreign exchange, because our credit was uncertain, and bankers were unable to borrow money for the importation of gold. Gold is engaged for import through purchase in New York of a draft on London for the amount desired; this draft, sold by a banking house with London connections, may be cashed in London and used at once to draw gold. But, obviously, before the operation can be completed, the purchase money must be raised through a bank loan, and paid in New York City. On the 24th and 25th of October, the money simply could not be raised; not until the banks, on October 26, decided on the issue of Clearing House certificates was this part of the operation made possible.

Once these facilities had been restored, engagement of gold in London began in quantity. The first engagements were legitimate on any basis of exchange, because the rate on London had fallen to 4.81, whereas 4.84 is normally the point at which English gold may be ordered for import at a profit. Moreover, American bankers had made large drafts against exported grain and cotton. But in the existing state of the New York market, with reserve money imperatively needed, inquiries for sterling bills as a basis for importation of gold soon far surpassed the volume properly authorized by these commercial bills. So keen was the bidding to get gold for import, that, as against the rate of 4.81 for sight sterling bills on October 26, the price had risen to 4.88 a week later, and was said, in some instances, to have touched 4.90 at the opening of the present week. But since 4.88½ is the rate at which, ordinarily, gold may actually be exported with a profit from New York to London, the use of these high-priced drafts on London for engagement of foreign gold indicated abnormal conditions. Soon it became manifest what this unusual factor was. Institutions or individuals in urgent need of cash for their reserves, in order to get gold by the next English steamer, actually bid a premium for the cash delivered in New York. Thus, if gold could commonly be imported at a profit with exchange at 4.84½, the offer of a premium of 3 or 4 per cent. would make possible what actually occurred this week and last—importation of gold with exchange at the exporting point.

To such operations, however, some limit must be set. If the only restriction were the needs of the importer, any premium could conceivably be bid, and the gold reserves of a European bank could be drawn on so long as that bank continued to pay gold freely. But no institution could permit such a drain without making at least an effort to check it. The Bank of England, having on Thursday of last week advanced its official discount rate from 4½ to 5 per cent., held a special meeting on Monday of this week and moved the rate up to 6. This action, putting a higher price on money, made the transfer of gold from London to New York more costly. For the time, however, the expedient did not check the movement, and the bidding for gold continued with exchange well above the normal export point. The final result of such conditions, which the London dispatches frankly describe as "barbaric," can be only guessed at. But as a matter of fact, the actual arrival this week of the first consignments of gold from London should stop these panicky bids.

This is not the first adoption of this emergency expedient to relieve a panic. Many people have forgotten the interesting way in which it was employed in 1893. At the crisis of that panic, when the deadlock of credit seemed for a time to be complete, and when shutting the Stock Exchange had been actually discussed in the governing committee, relief through foreign exchange was forced in the same way as on the present occasion. In 1893 the main objective point was established by a different mechanism. During the panic of the past two weeks the actual premium on imported gold has been paid, so far as can be ascertained, chiefly by banks directly to international banking houses. In 1893 the main purpose was the drawing of hoarded currency out of its hiding places in this country. With that end in view, one or two Wall Street brokers advertised an offer to pay in certified checks on New York banks a premium of 1½ per cent. for any kind of currency. Such an offer meant that the banks had largely suspended cash payments on checks, for otherwise no broker would give a check for $101.50 on a solvent institution in exchange for $100 worth of bills or coin. As a matter of fact, the banks had not formally suspended, but they were generally refusing, from sheer inability, to pay cash for large checks. Somewhat the same situation has arisen in the past two weeks, but with this important difference: that to-day cash for the payrolls of employers has almost invariably been provided, whereas, in 1893 it was precisely such requirements which were not met.

Employers of labor, with their large weekly or monthly payments, could not wait, and it was they, directly or through their banks, who had employed the Wall Street brokers to announce the premium for currency. The offer was an experiment. Its result, however, as regards the drawing out of the hoarded money was successful. Within two weeks a sum of cash estimated by the brokers at not less than $15,000,000, was delivered in exchange for the checks. This $15,000,000 was, it should be observed, entirely independent of such gold as the market then obtained through foreign exchange. In all, $48,000,000 in gold was brought from Europe during the stress of 1893, and of this between $10,000,000 and $20,000,000 came, like the gold imports of

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the present week, with exchange above the normal import point. Since at the height of the crisis of 1893 the brokers' premium for currency went as high as 4 per cent., it was inevitable that gold should have been imported under abnormal conditions, just as at present.

The economic aspects of that premium on currency were much discussed, in 1893 and afterward. Financial experts are generally agreed that what actually happened was not a premium on currency, but a discount on bank checks. Nothing even in the panic emergency of 1893 made gold or silver or banknotes worth more than before. Something, however, had made a certified bank check worth less. Where previously such a check represented power to draw cash at will, it now represented nothing of the sort; it was a claim to that amount of the assets of a solvent bank, not wholly available in cash till the panic subsided. But this simply meant that the check was worthless for the immediate purposes of the man with large payrolls falling due. To all intents, therefore, these checks were offered at a discount of 1½ to 4 per cent. Precisely the same principle applies in the present panic. The buying of gold in London for New York, with exchange at 4.89 or higher, through the paying in New York checks of a 3 per cent. premium on the cash, and the actual advertisement of a "premium on currency," this week, by one or two Wall Street brokers, simply indicates that for the moment the checks on some New York banks were selling at a discount.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Ancient Hebrew Literature. Arranged by R. Bruce Taylor. 4 vols. Dutton. 50 cts. each.

Anthropological Essays presented to Edward Burnett Taylor, by H. Balfour and others. Henry Frowde.

Arabian Nights. Edited by W. H. D. Rouse. Dutton. $2.50.

Ashe, Sydney W. Electric Railways. D. Van Nostrand Co. $2.50 net.

Austen, Jane. Pride and Prejudice. Dutton. $2 net.

Baedeker's Paris and Its Environments. Imported by Scribners.

Baird, William Raimond. The Hand-Book of Beta Theta Pi. Published by the author.

Barham, R. H. Ingoldsby Legends. Dutton. $6 net.

Beers, jr., William F. The Torrens System of Realty Titles. Lawyers' Coöperative Pub. Co.

Belloc, Hilaire. Paris: Imported by Scribners.

Bennett, W. H. The Life of Christ According to St. Mark. Armstrong. $1.75 net.

Brand, Capt. Jack. The Free Lances. McClure Co.

Brebner, Percy. The Knight of the Silver Star. R. F. Fenno & Co. $1 net.

Brooke, Stopford A. The Sea-Charm of Venice. Dutton. $1 net.

Bullock, Shan F. Robert Thorne. Brentano's.

Butler, Ellis Parker. Kilo. McClure Co.

Byron, Henry. A Day-Dreamer's Harvest. Ivan Somerville & Co.

Bury, J. B. A Student's History of Greece. Macmillan. $1.10 net.

Bossuet: Selections from the Funeral Orations. Edited by F. M. Warren. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.

Carey, Rosa Nouchette. The Angel of Forgiveness. Philadelphia: Lippincott.

Castle, Agnes and Egerton. My Merry Rockhurst. Macmillan. $1.50.

Cattelle, W. R. The Pearl. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $2 net.

Coffin, Henry Sloane. The Creed of Jesus. Scribners. $1 net.

Conard, Henry S. and Henri Hus. Water-Lilies. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.10 net.

Cooper's Adventures of Deerslayer. Edited by Margaret N. Haight. American Book Co. 35 cents.

Crapsey, Algernon S. The Re-Birth of Religion. Lane. $1.50 net.

De Morgan, Mary. The Windfairies and Other Tales. Dutton. $1.50.

Douglas, Hugh A., Venice on Foot. Imported by Scribners.

Eiselen, Frederick Carl. Sidon: A Study in Oriental History. Columbia University.

Emanuel, Walter. A Dog Day. Dutton. 50 cents.

Father and Son: Biographical Recollections. Scribners. $1.50 net.

Fea, Allan. Nooks and Corners of Old England. Scribners.

Finley, William Lovell. American Birds. Scribners. $1.50 net.

Fletcher, J. E. The Harringtons of Highcroft Farm. B. W. Dodge & Co.

Fontaine, James. Memoirs of a Huguenot Family. Translated by Ann Maury. Putnams. $2.50 net.

Foote, Anne Elizabeth, and Avery W. Skinner. Explorers and Founders of America. American Book Co. 60 cents.

Forbes-Lindsay, C. H. John Smith. Philadelphia: Lippincott.

Franceschi, Giulio. Proverbi e Modi Provebiali Italiani. Milan: Ulrico Hoepli.

Francis, Philip W. The Remarkable Adventures of Little Boy Pip. Paul Elder & Co. $1.50 net.

Gardiner, Ruth Kimball. The World and the Woman. Barnes. $1.50.

Gilbert, Nelson R. The Affair at Pine Court. Philadelphia: Lippincott.

Goldsmith's Vicar of Wakefield and The Deserted Village. Edited by James A. Tufts. American Book Co. 45 cents.

Gordon, W. J. Round about the North Pole. Dutton, $5 net.

Gorst, Mrs. Harold E. The Light. B. W. Dodge & Co.

Green, J. Reynolds. Vegetable Physiology. Philadelphia: F. Blakiston's Sons & Co. $3 net.

Gregory, Caspar René. Canon and the Text of the New Testament. Scribners. $2.50 net.

Gregory, Lady. A Book of Saints and Wonders. Scribners.

Haeselbarth, Adam C. Patty of the Palms. Kenny Publishing Co. $1.25.

Haines, Jennie Day. Christmas Tyde. Paul Elder & Co. $2 net.

Hand Book of Card Games. Compiled by Belle M. Miller. Crowell.

Handy Book of Synonyms. Crowell.

Hare, Christopher. The Life of Louis IX. Imported by Scribners.

Harrison, Frederic. The Philosophy of Common Sense. Macmillan. $1.75 net.

Heather to Golden Rod. Boston: Badger.

Herzog, Rudolf. Der Abenteurer. Lemcke & Buechner.

Hohler, Mrs. Edwin. Peter: A Christmas Story. Dutton. $1.25.

Horace's Odes and Epodes. Translated into English verse by John Marshall. Putnams. $1 net.

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